THE

GENTLEMEN'S GLEE BOOK:

CONSISTING OF A

SELECTION OF GLEES FOR MEN'S VOICES,

BY THE

MOST ADMIRED GERMAN COMPOSERS.

BY LOWELL MASON.

BOSTON:

J. H. WILKINS & R. B. CARTER.

NEW YORK:—F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO., ROBINSON, PRATT, & CO., AND COLLINS, KEESE, & CO.

PHILADELPHIA;—THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT, & CO., AND HENRY PERKINS.

1841.

Geo J Mott Esq

With the Author's

J L Mason

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KIDDER & WRIGHT, Music Compositors,
Congress Street, Boston.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Glees, (or four voiced songs, as the Germans call them,) contained in this work, have been selected from the most admired composers of music of this kind, in Germany. Most of the words have been translated, or have been written expressly for the music, by Mr. J. F. Warner. The Music appears in its original form, no further alteration having been made than the occasional union or division of notes to accommodate the English poetry. Although the work is particularly designed for men's voices, yet there are many of the Glees that come within the compass of the female voice, and the parts of others may be easily transposed so as to be sung by mixed choirs.

In the expectation of producing a new work ere long, for Trebles and Altos, this publication is respectfully commended to Tenor and Base singers.

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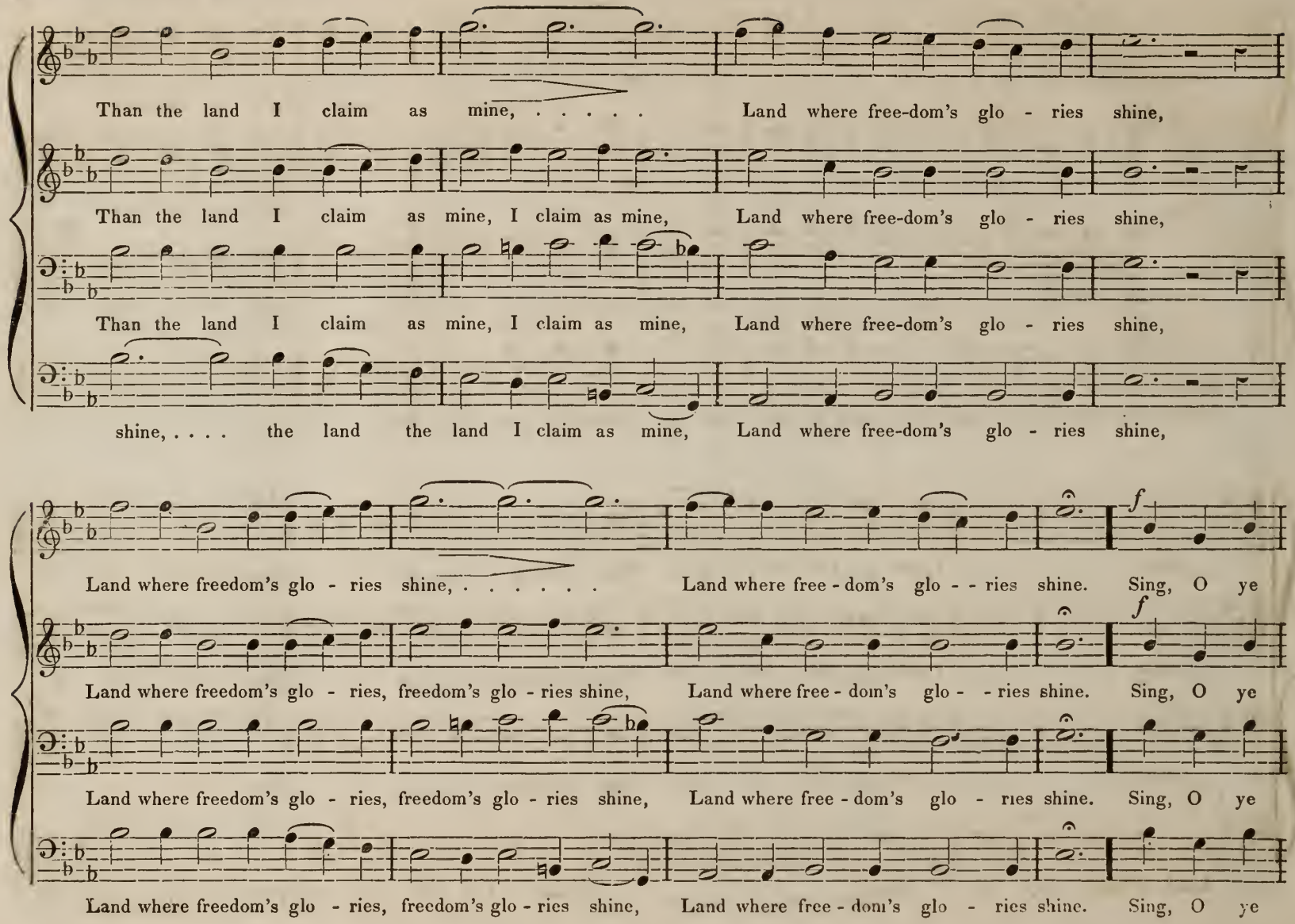
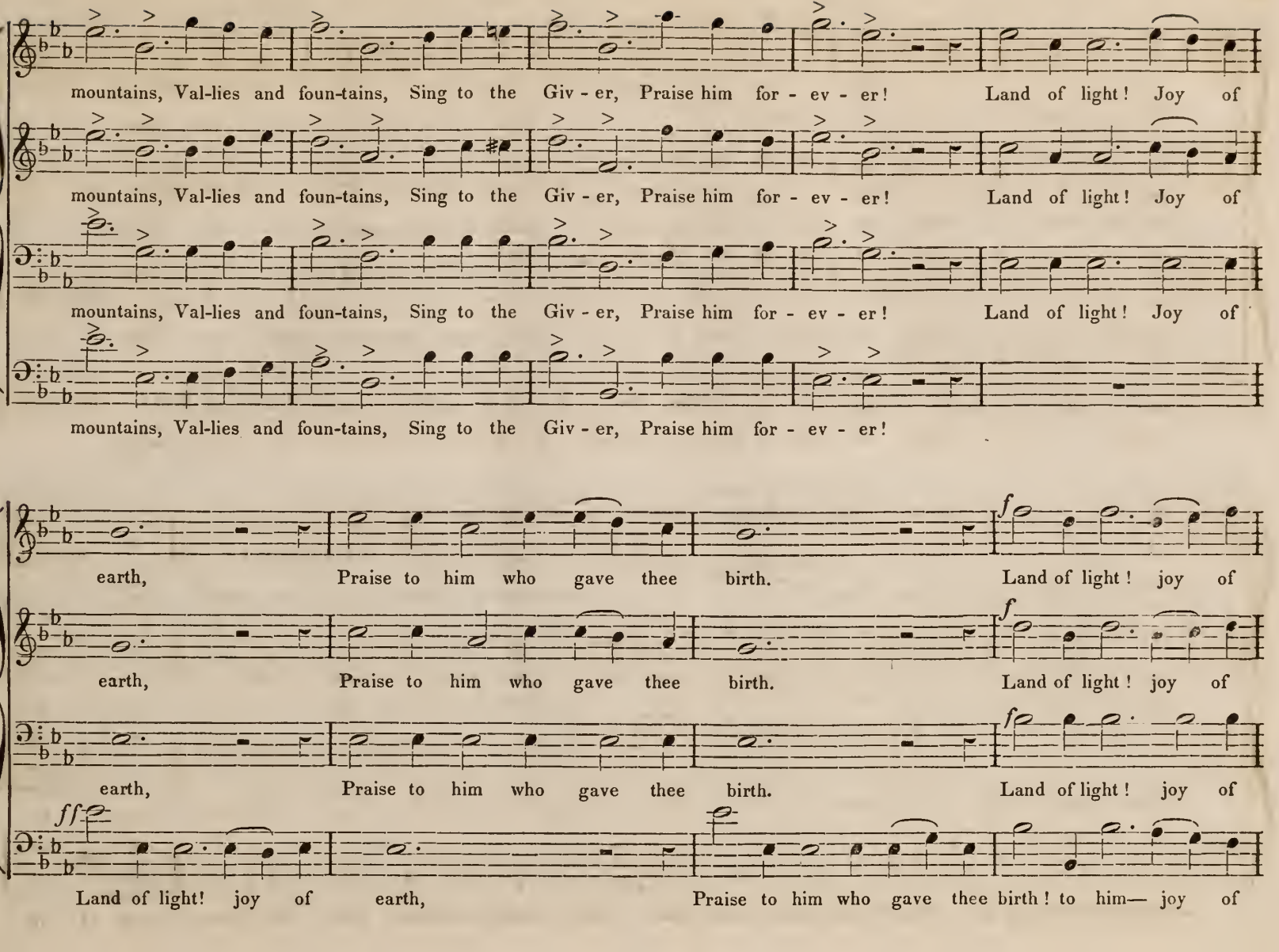
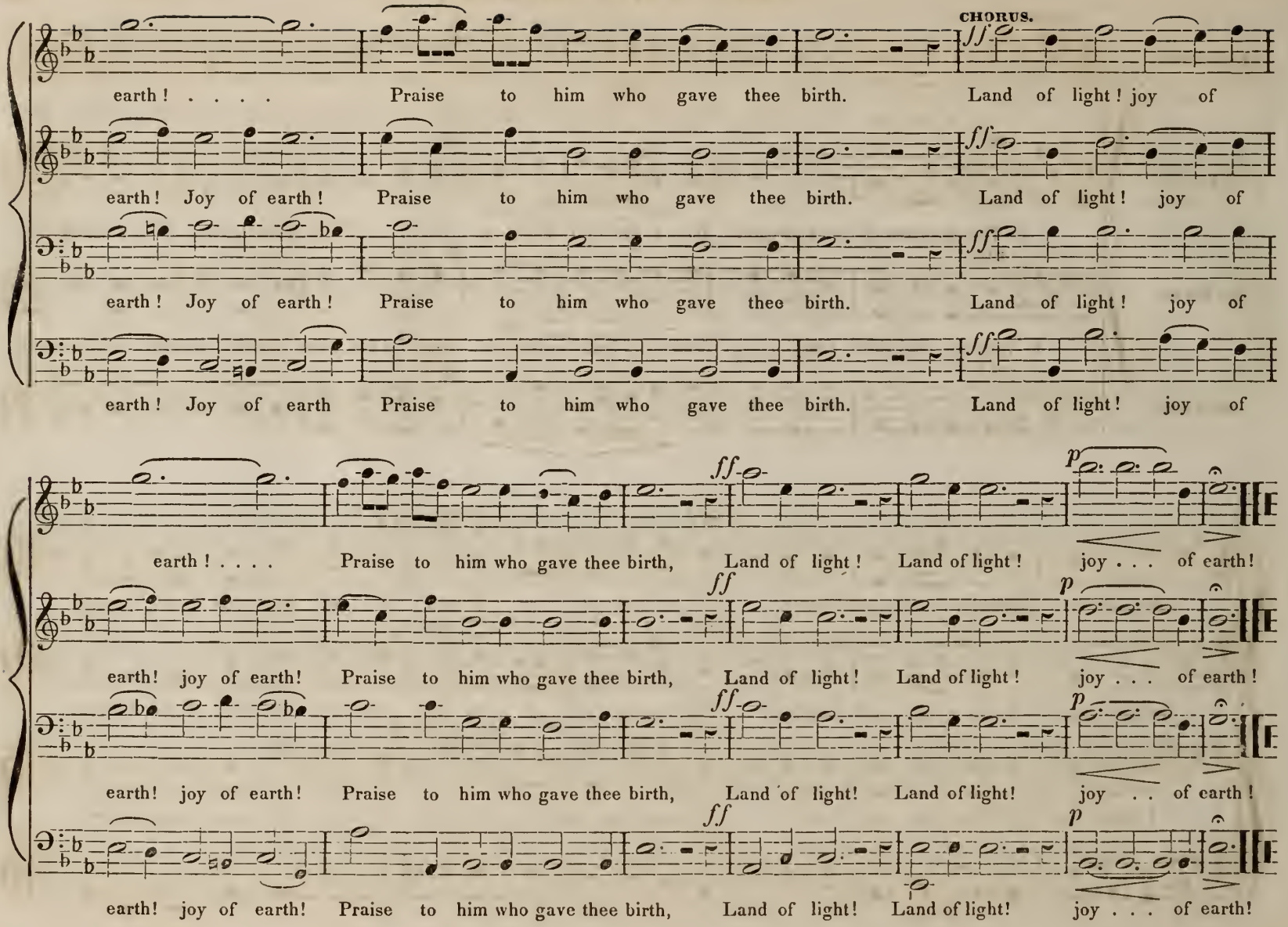
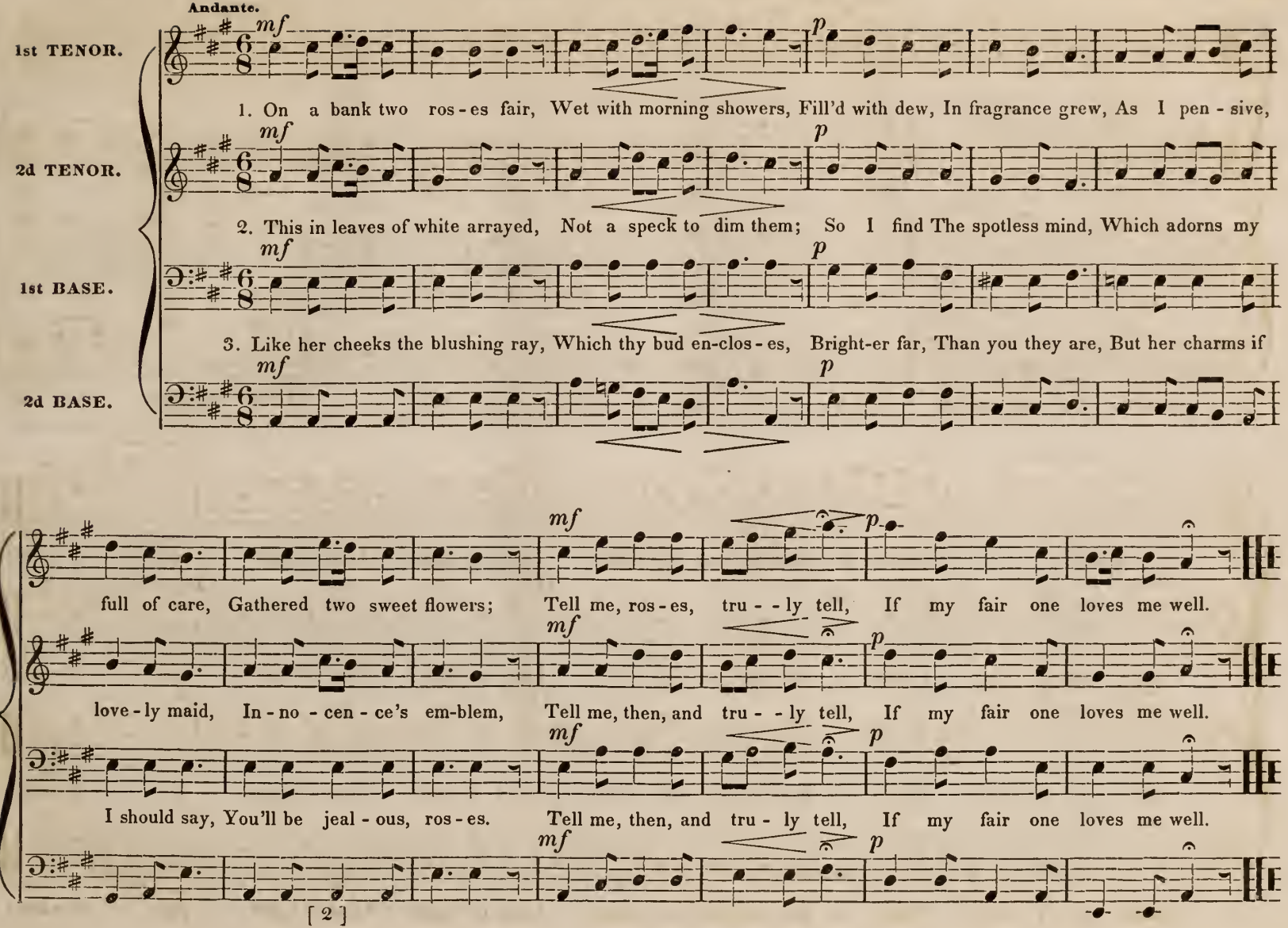
Vigoroso.
1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
Where is the na - tion Midst the cre - a - tion Rich-er in treasure, Brighter in pleasure,
Where is the na - tion Midst the cre - a - tion Rich - er in treasure, Brighter in pleasure,
Where is the na - tion Midst the cre - a - tion Rich-er in treasure, Brighter in pleasure,
Where is the na - tion Midst the cre - a - tion Rich-er in treasure, Brighter in pleasure,
Than the land I claim as mine, ... Land where free - dom's glo - ries shine, ...
Than the land I claim as mine, ... Land where free - dom's glo - ries shine, ...
Than the land I claim as mine, ... Land where free - dom's glo - ries shine, ...
Than the land I claim as mine, Land where free-dom's glo - ries


Than the land I claim as mine, ... Land where free-dom's glo - ries shine,
Than the land I claim as mine, I claim as mine, Land where free-dom's glo - ries shine,
Than the land I claim as mine, I claim as mine, Land where free-dom's glo - ries shine,
shine, ... the land the land I claim as mine, Land where free-dom's glo - ries shine,
Land where freedom's glo - ries shine, ... Land where free - dom's glo - - ries shine. Sing, O ye
f
Land where freedom's glo - ries, freedom's glo - ries shine, Land where free - dom's glo - - ries shine. Sing, O ye
Land where freedom's glo - ries, freedom's glo - ries shine, Land where free - dom's glo - ries shine. Sing, O ye
Land where freedom's glo - ries, freedom's glo - ries shine, Land where free - dom's glo - ries shine. Sing, O ye

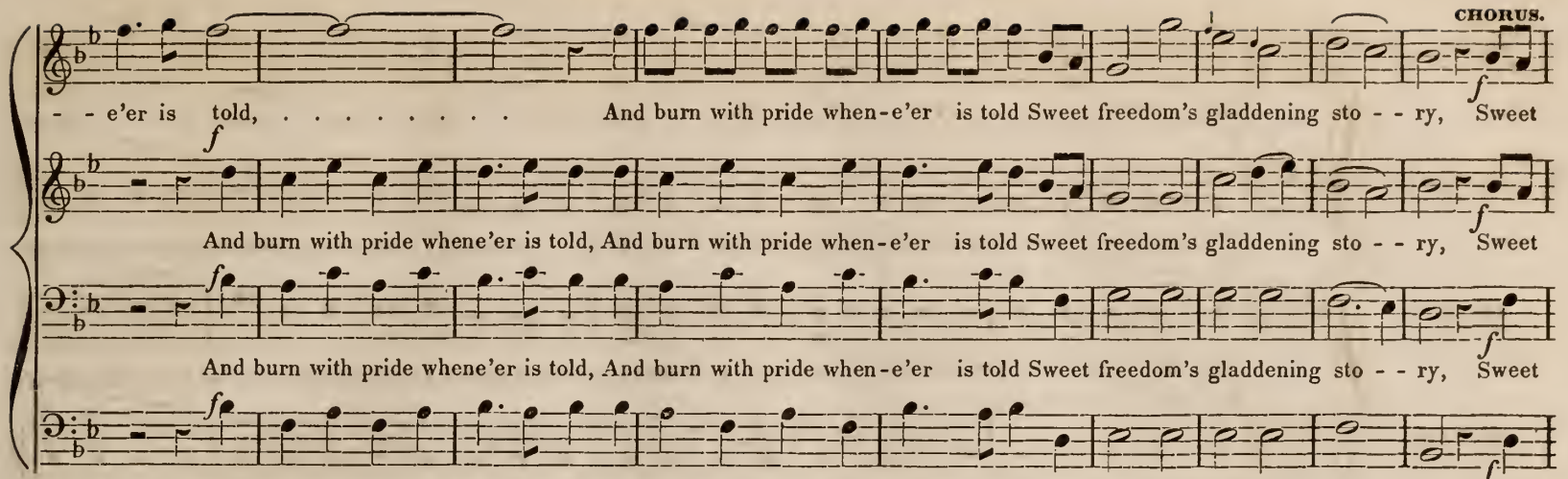

mountains, Val-lies and foun-tains, Sing to the Giv - er, Praise him for - ev - er! Land of light! Joy of
mountains, Val-lies and foun-tains, Sing to the Giv - er, Praise him for - ev - er! Land of light! Joy of
mountains, Val-lies and foun-tains, Sing to the Giv - er, Praise him for - ev - er! Land of light! Joy of
mountains, Val-lies and foun-tains, Sing to the Giv - er, Praise him for - ev - er!
earth, Praise to him who gave thee birth. Land of light! joy of
earth, Praise to him who gave thee birth. Land of light! joy of
earth, Praise to him who gave thee birth. Land of light! joy of
Land of light! joy of earth, Praise to him who gave thee birth! to him— joy of

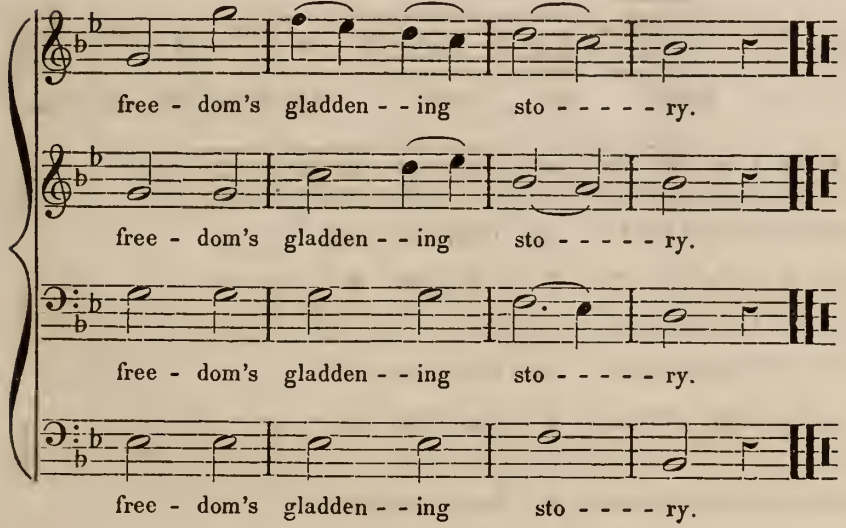

CHORUS.
earth ! . . . . Praise to him who gave thee birth. Land of light ! joy of
earth ! Joy of earth ! Praise to him who gave thee birth. Land of light ! joy of
earth ! Joy of earth ! Praise to him who gave thee birth. Land of light ! joy of
earth ! Joy of earth Praise to him who gave thee birth. Land of light ! joy of
earth ! . . . . Praise to him who gave thee birth, Land of light ! Land of light ! joy . . . of earth !
earth ! joy of earth ! Praise to him who gave thee birth, Land of light ! Land of light ! joy . . . of earth !
earth ! joy of earth ! Praise to him who gave thee birth, Land of light ! Land of light ! joy . . of earth !
earth ! joy of earth ! Praise to him who gave thee birth, Land of light ! Land of light ! joy . . . of earth !


Andante.
1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
mf
p
1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morning showers, Fill'd with dew, In fragrance grew, As I pen - sive,
2. This in leaves of white arrayed, Not a speck to dim them; So I find The spotless mind, Which adorns my
3. Like her cheeks the blushing ray, Which thy bud en-clos - es, Bright-er far, Than you they are, But her charms if
full of care, Gathered two sweet flowers; Tell me, ros - es, tru - - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
love - ly maid, In - no - cen - ce's em-blem, Tell me, then, and tru - - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
I should say, You'll be jeal - ous, ros - es. Tell me, then, and tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

THE PATRIOTIC BAND.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.





2

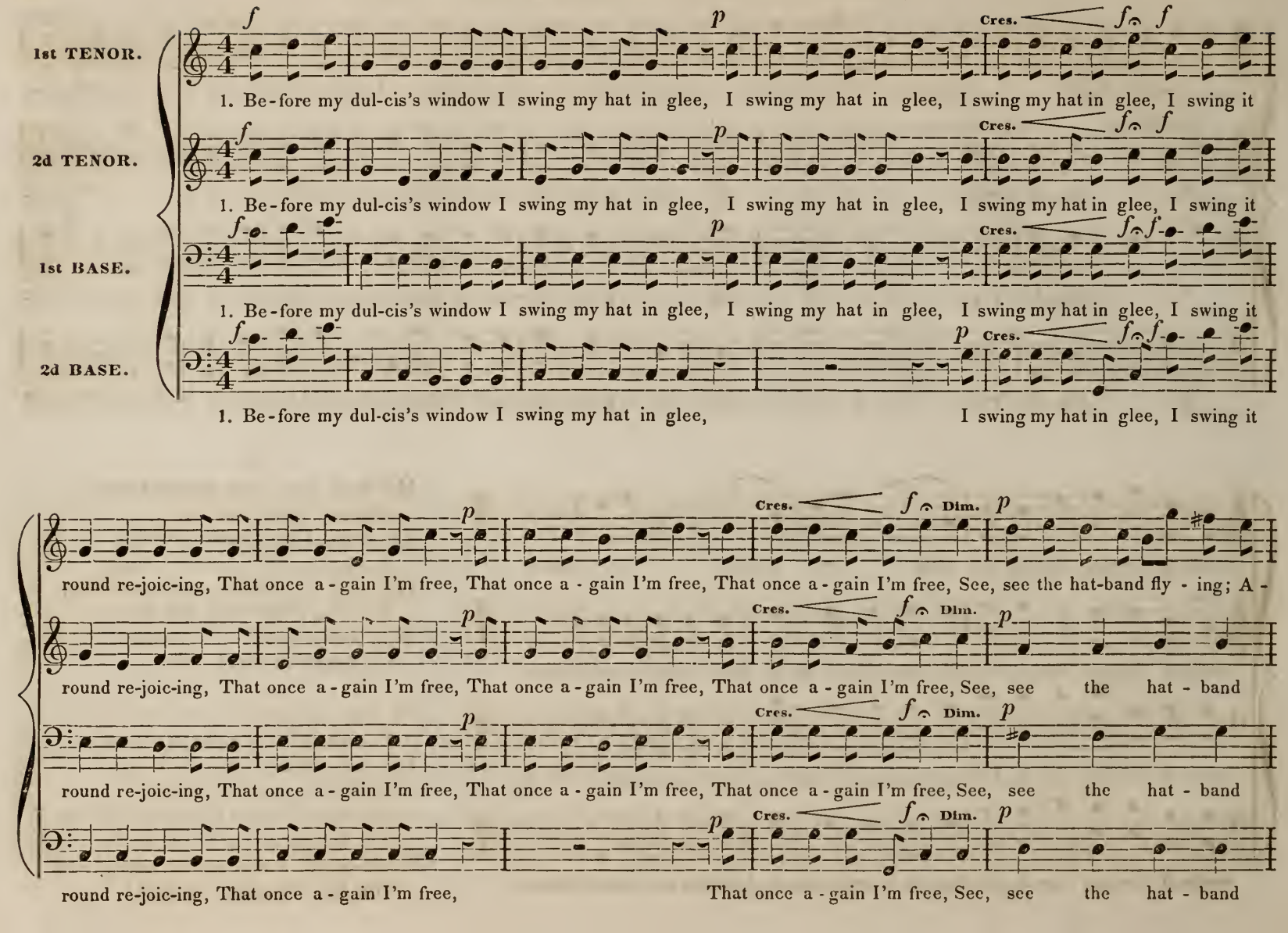
Ye are your country's noble boast,
The sons she loves to cherish,
Her tower of strength, her mighty host,
Whom coming time shall honor most,
When others' fame shall perish.

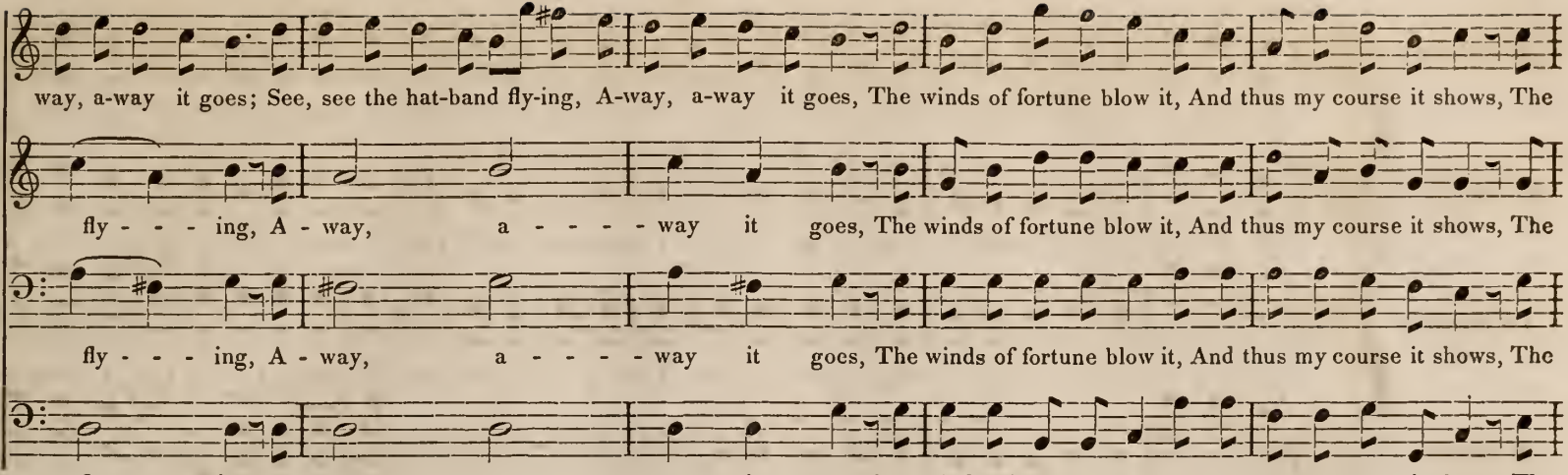
3

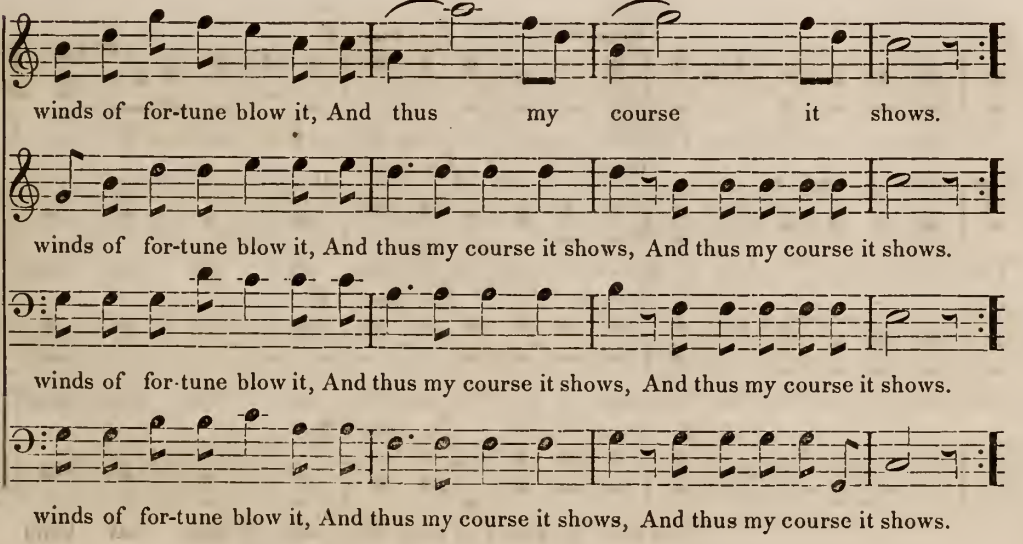
Break forth in songs, my native land,
And tell what smiles attend thee;
Thy glory's towers shall firmly stand,
For 'midst thee dwells a noble band,
Who'll ever well defend thee.

THE RELEASE. (A Serenade.)

C. KREUTZER.







2

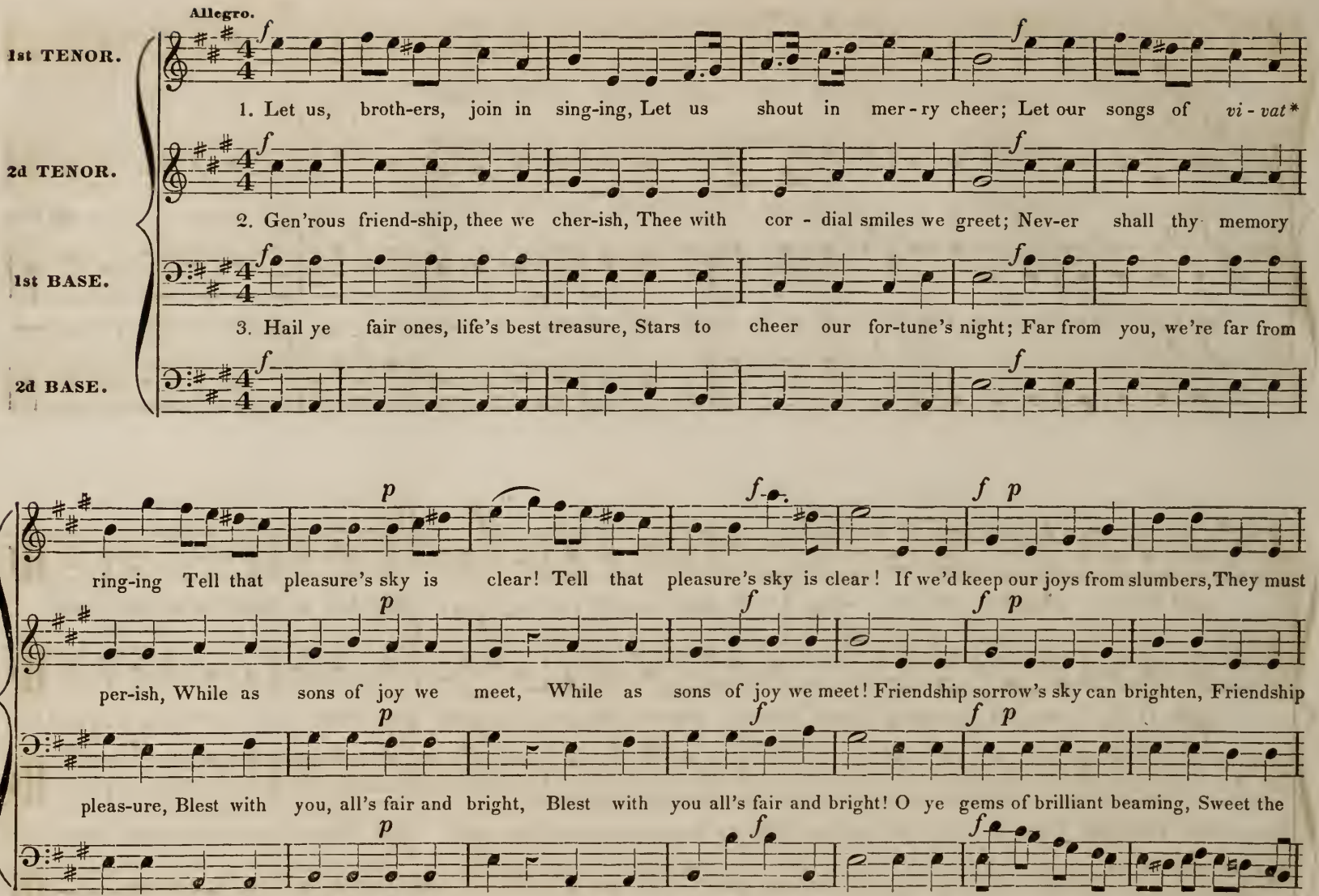
My dear, thou hast encag'd me
Already quite too long;
Thy spell I now have broken,
I sing sweet freedom's song:
Hey-day, ye woods and mountains,
Hey-day, I'm free, I'm free!
That silken cord, — I've snapt it, —
I'll dance in merry glee!

3

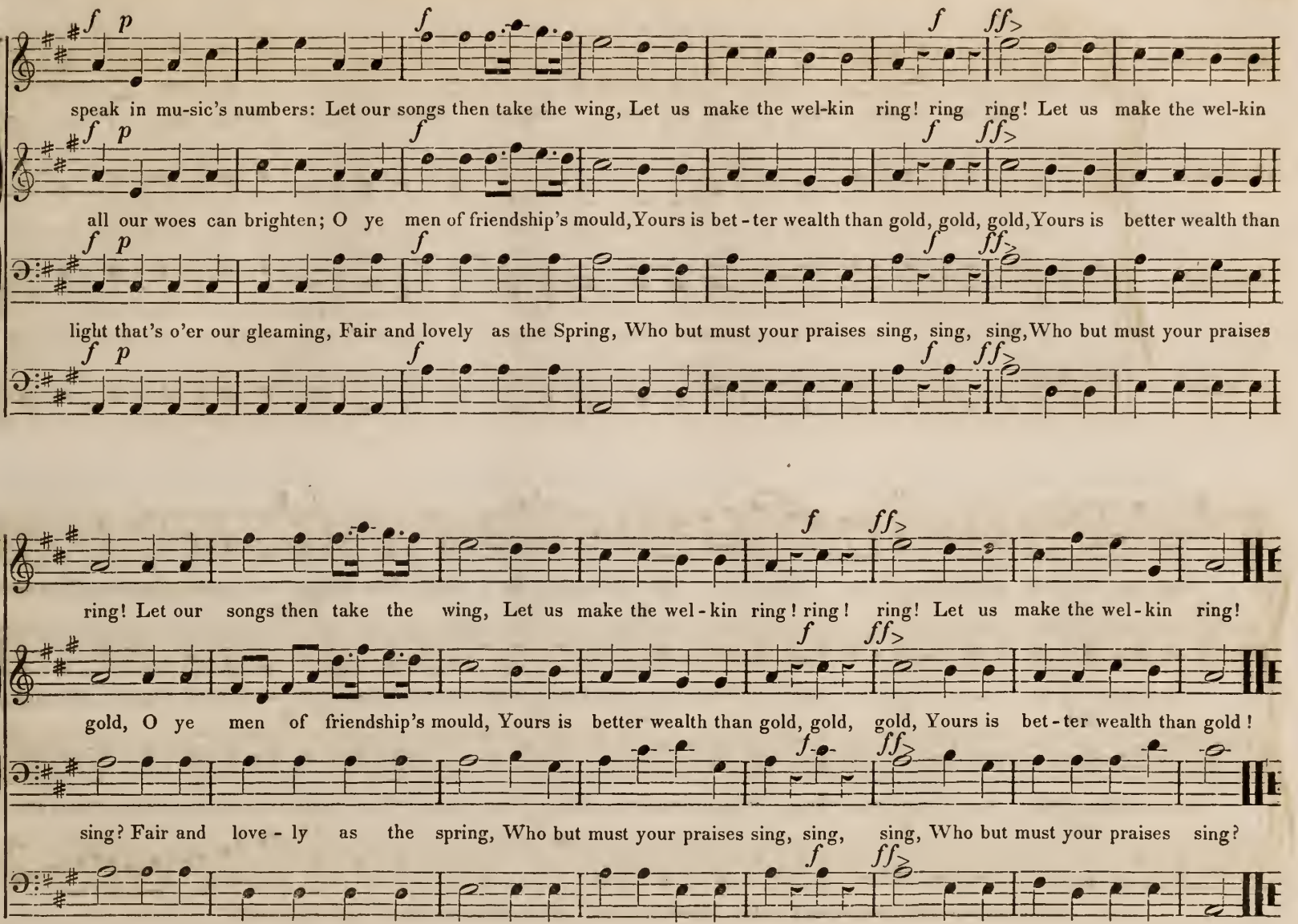
I'll ride on fortune's current, —
I've nought to make me care:
I'll rove where fancy leads me, —
I'm free — as free as air!
Good-night! good night, my dulcis,
I'm bound no more by thee;
Good-night, I say, — I'm going, —
Ha, ha, I'm glad I'm free!

Let us, brothers, join in singing.

C. BLUM.

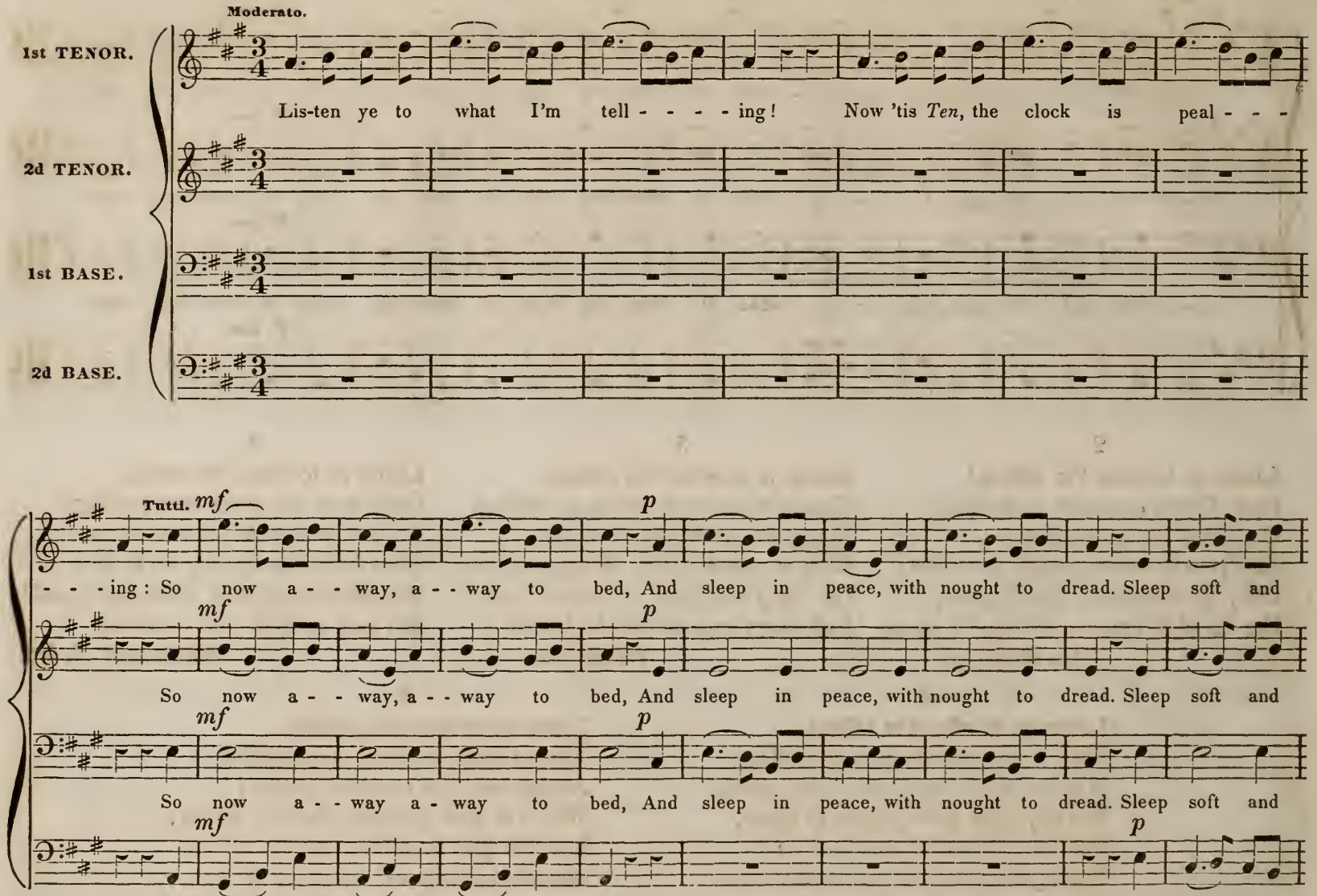


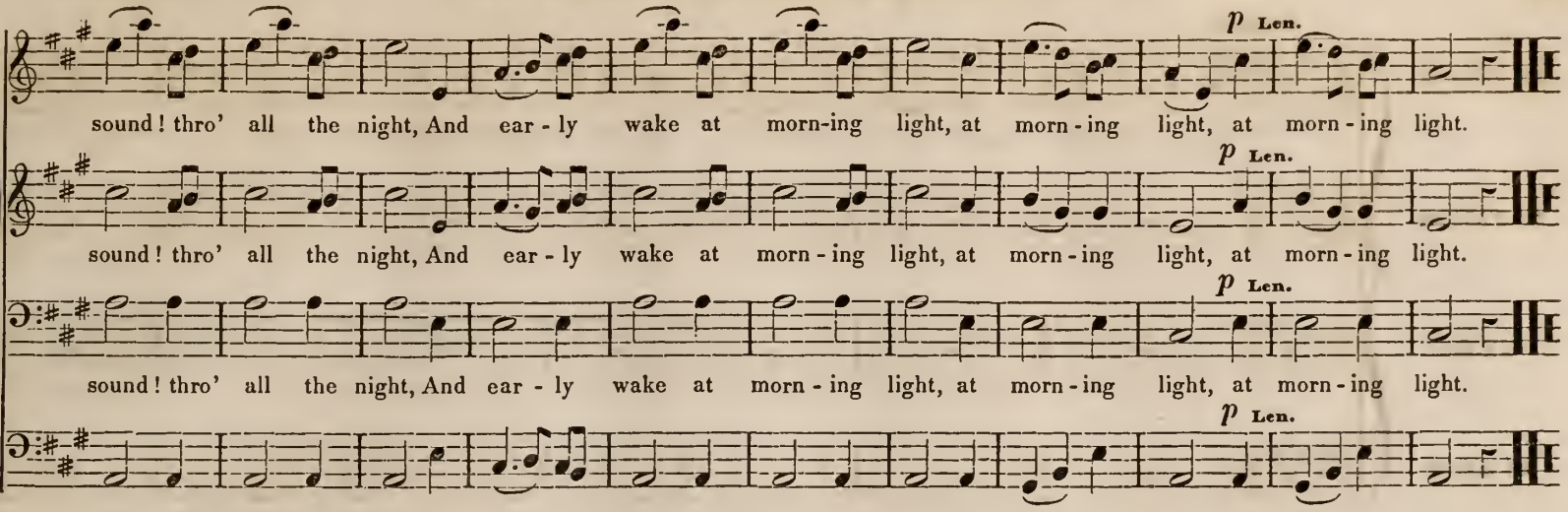
* *Vivat* is a Latin verb meaning literally "*Let him or it live*," but as used here it means "*Let life be merry.*"


speak in mu-sic's numbers: Let our songs then take the wing, Let us make the wel-kin ring! ring ring! Let us make the wel-kin
all our woes can brighten; O ye men of friendship's mould, Yours is bet-ter wealth than gold, gold, gold, Yours is better wealth than
light that's o'er our gleaming, Fair and lovely as the Spring, Who but must your praises sing, sing, sing, Who but must your praises
ring! Let our songs then take the wing, Let us make the wel-kin ring! ring! ring! Let us make the wel-kin ring!
gold, O ye men of friendship's mould, Yours is better wealth than gold, gold, gold, Yours is bet-ter wealth than gold!
sing? Fair and love-ly as the spring, Who but must your praises sing, sing, sing, Who but must your praises sing?

WATCHMAN'S CALL.

F. SILCHER.





2

Listen ye to what I'm telling!
Now *Eleven* the clock is pealing;
O ye who late at labor sweat,
And ye who social friends have met;
Obey the summons, now begone,
For 'tis high time—go sleep 'till morn.
Go sleep, &c.

3

Listen ye to what I'm telling!
Twelve we hear the clock is pealing.
If any now with sleepless eyes,
Keep troubled watch 'till morning rise,
Oh! may one hour of sweetest rest
Lull every care within the breast.
Within, &c.

4

Listen ye to what I'm telling,
One I hear the clock now pealing;
It is the hour when Satan's crew,
Steal forth, his errands for to do;
We shuddering think what may befall!
But look to Him who's over all.
Who's over all, &c.

5

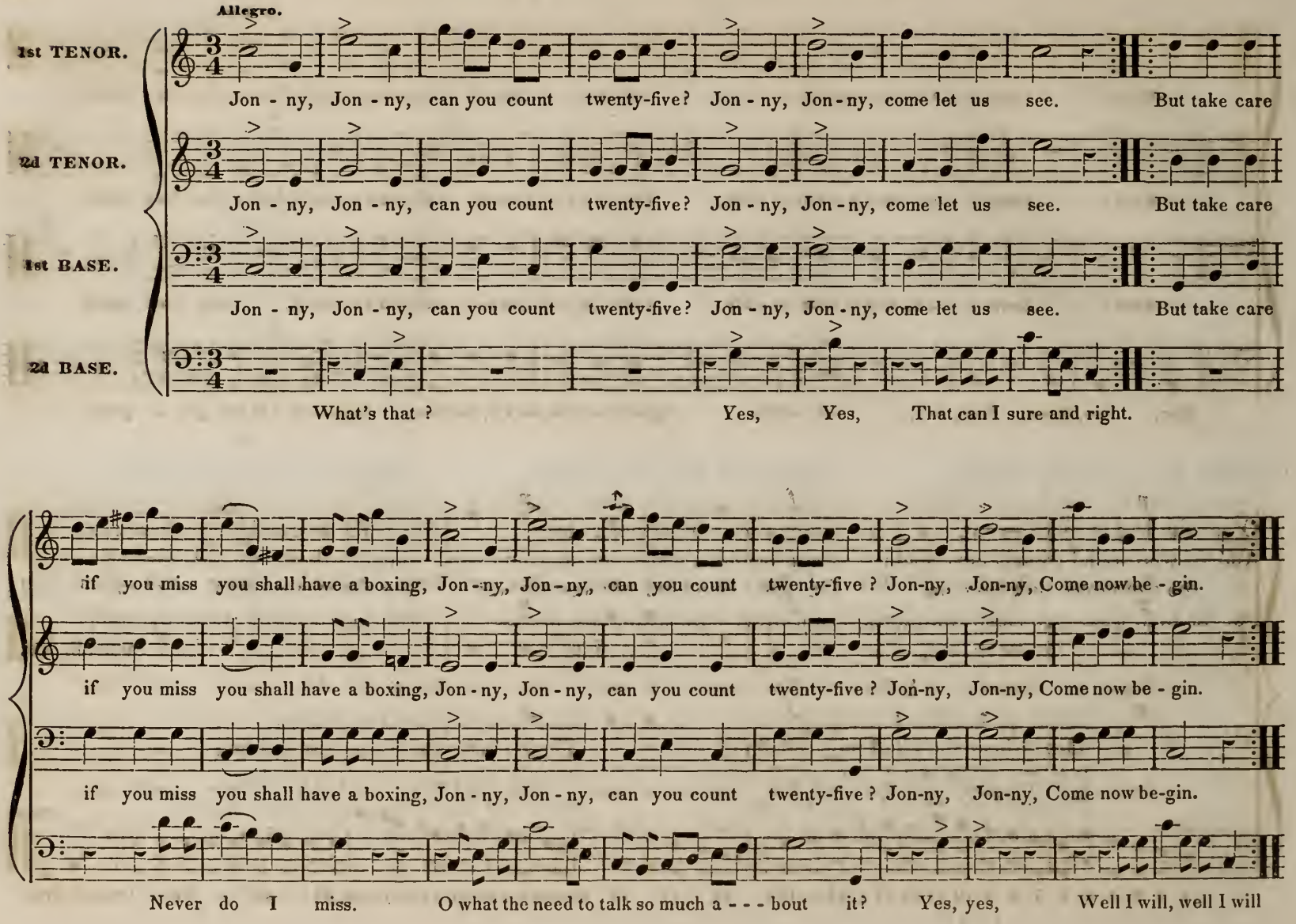
Listen ye to what I'm telling,
Two, I hear the clock now pealing;
If in the night-watch care once more,
Ere day-light dawn begins to gnaw,
Start up, ye fearful ones and do
What good you can—be always true.
Be always true.

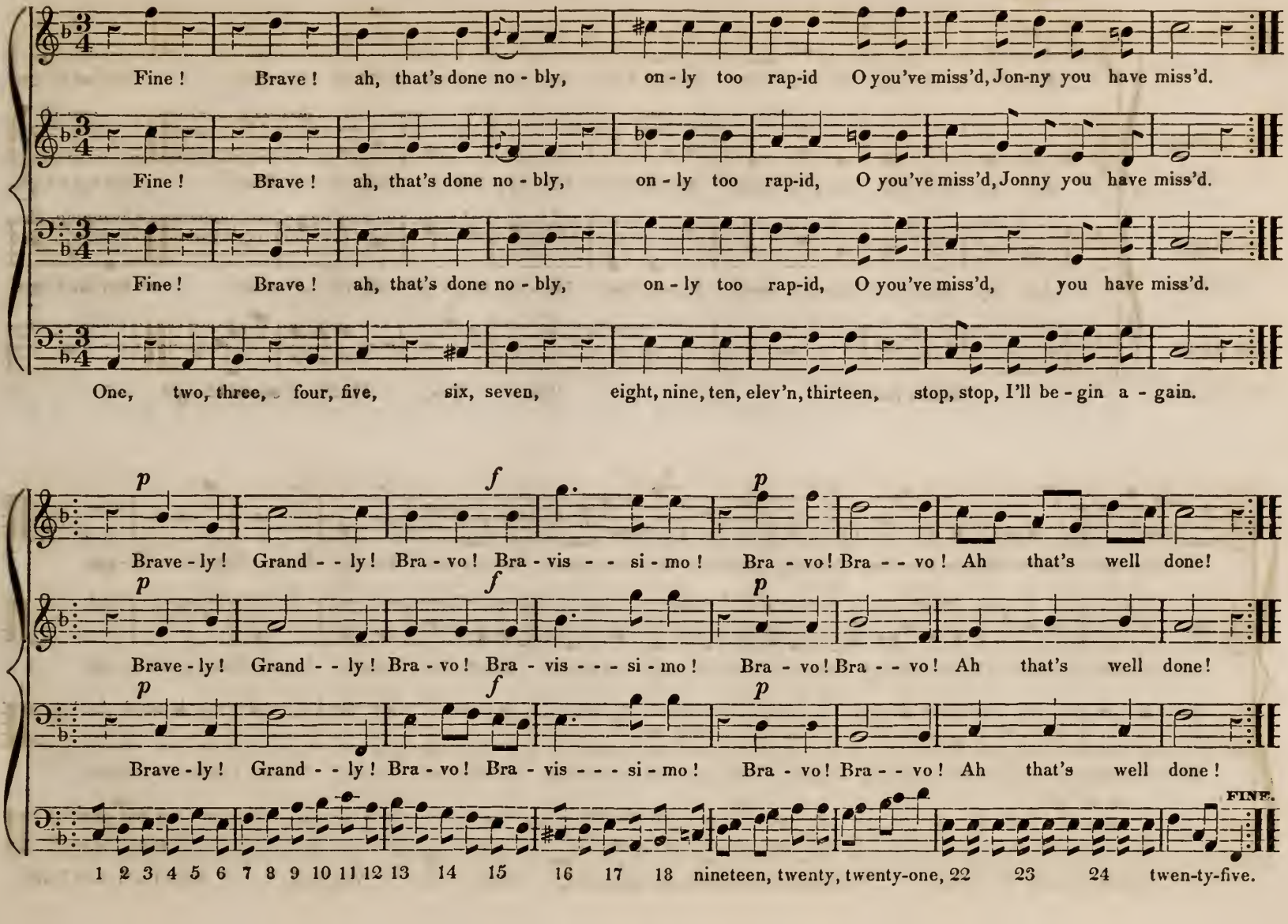
6

Listen ye to what I'm telling,
Three I hear the clock now pealing:
Already see, the morning breaks;
Who e'er from peaceful slumber wakes;
Let him give thanks in cheerful mood,
Resume his toil, and strive for good.
And strive for good.

'Jonny, can you count twenty-five?'

J. SCHNEPF.




Fine ! Brave ! ah, that's done no - bly, on - ly too rap-id O you've miss'd, Jon-ny you have miss'd.
Fine ! Brave ! ah, that's done no - bly, on - ly too rap-id, O you've miss'd, Jonny you have miss'd.
Fine ! Brave ! ah, that's done no - bly, on - ly too rap-id, O you've miss'd, you have miss'd.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, elev'n, thirteen, stop, stop, I'll be - gin a - gain.
p f p
Brave - ly ! Grand - - ly ! Bra - vo ! Bra - vis - - si - mo ! Bra - vo ! Bra - - vo ! Ah that's well done !
p f p
Brave - ly ! Grand - - ly ! Bra - vo ! Bra - vis - - - si - mo ! Bra - vo ! Bra - - vo ! Ah that's well done !
p f p
Brave - ly ! Grand - - ly ! Bra - vo ! Bra - vis - - - si - mo ! Bra - vo ! Bra - - vo ! Ah that's well done !
FINE.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, 22 23 24 twen-ty-five.

'O there is my love.' (THE SMITH.)

CONRADIN KREUTZER.

The leading melody should be sung *mf* or *f*, the accompaning parts should be *p*, throughout, except in the crescendo passages.

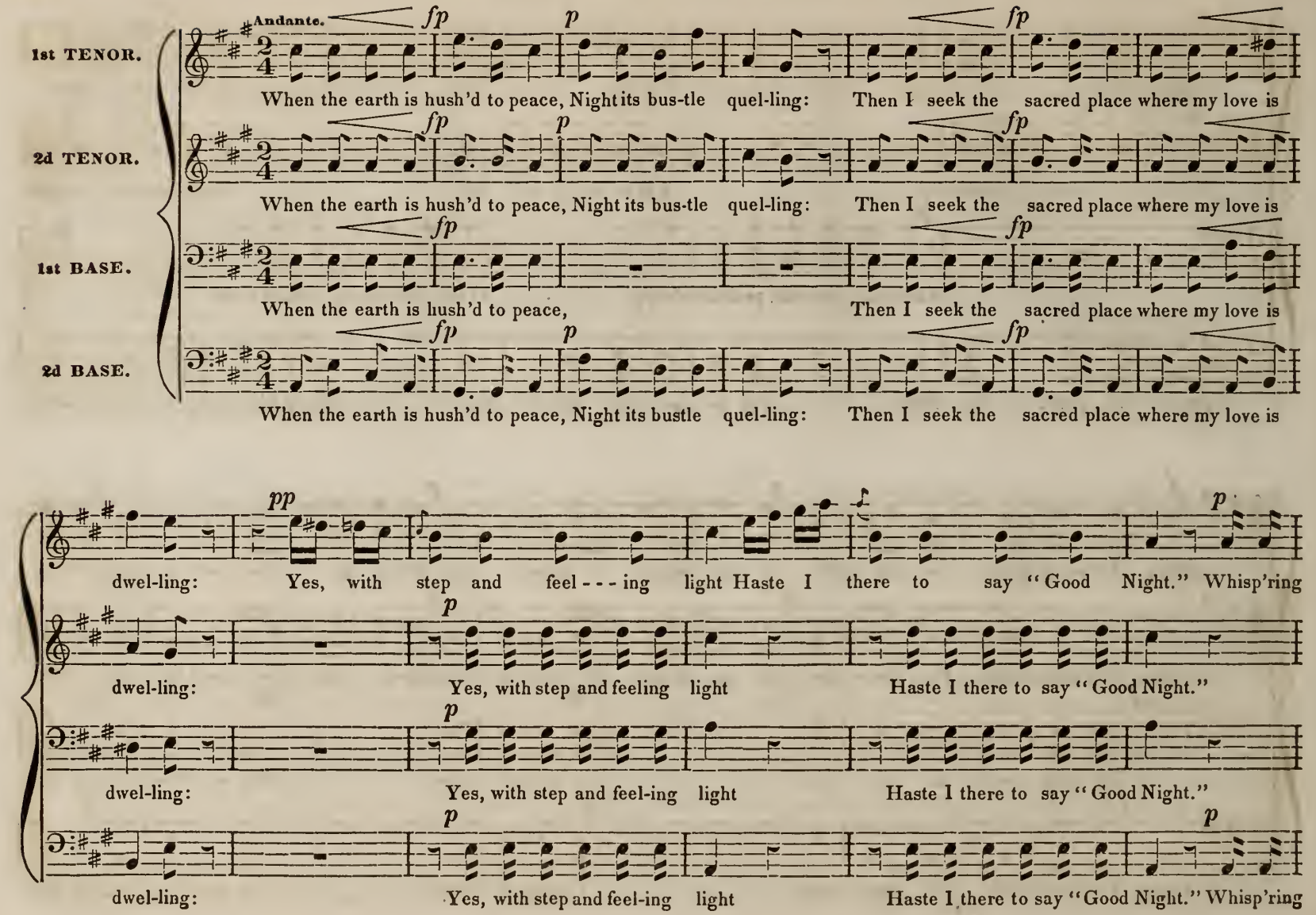
sound - - - - ing, All round and a - - bove . . . . . Like bells it is sound - - - - ing, All
glow - - - - ing, All o - - - - ver him roll . . . . . And flames hot and glow - - - - ing, All
bells it is sounding, All round and a-bove, All round and a-bove, Like bells it is sound-ing, is sounding, At ev-ery re -
flames hot and glowing, All o - ver him roll, All o - ver him roll, And flames hot and glow-ing, And flames hot and glowing, All
f
bells it is sounding, All round and a-bove, All round and a bove, Like bells it is sound-ing, is sounding, At ev-ery re -
flames hot and glowing, All o - ver him roll, All o - ver him roll, And flames hot and glow-ing, And flames hot and glowing, All
f
round and a - bove. O there . . is my love, His ham - - - mer he's
o - - - ver him roll! There on . . . his black coal, He's sit - - - ting I
p
bound-ing, All round and a - bove. O there is my love, O there is my love, O there is my love, His ham-mer he's swinging, His
o - ver, all o - ver him roll. There on his black coal, There on his black coal, There on his black coal, He's sitting, I spy him, He's
bound-ing, All round and a - bove. O there is my love, O there is my love, O there is my love, His ham-mer he's swinging, His
o - ver, all o - ver him roll. There on his black coal, There on his black coal, There on his black coal, He's sitting, I spy him, He's
p
p

swing - - - ing, How loud - - - ly 'tis ring - - - ing, At ev - - - ery re - - bound - - - - ing, Like
spy him, But if I go by him, His fires he's then blow - - - ing, Like
ham-mer he's swinging, How loudly 'tis ring-ing, How loud-ly 'tis ring-ing, At ev - ery re-bounding, At ev - ery re-bounding, Like
sit - ting, I spy him, But if I go by him, But if I go by him, His fires he's then blowing, His fires he's then blowing, And
ham-mer he's swinging, How loudly 'tis ring-ing, How loudly 'tis ring-ing, At ev - ery re-bounding, At ev - ery re-bounding, Like
sit - ting, I spy him, But if I go by him, But if I go by him, His fires he's then blowing, His fires he's then blowing, And
ff
bells it is sound - - - ing, A - - round and a - - bove. . . . . Like bells it is sound-ing, A -
flames hot and glow - - ing, All o - - - ver him roll. . . . . And flames hot and glowing, All
bells it is sound-ing, Like bells it is sounding, Like bells it is sounding, A - round and a - bove, Like bells it is sound-ing, A -
flames hot and glowing, And flames hot and glowing, And flames hot and glowing, All o - ver him roll, And flames hot and glowing, All
bells it is sounding, Like bells it is sounding, Like bells it is sounding, A - round and a - bove, Like bells it is sound-ing, A -
flames hot and glowing, And flames hot and glowing, And flames hot and glowing, All o - ver him roll, And flames hot and glowing, All

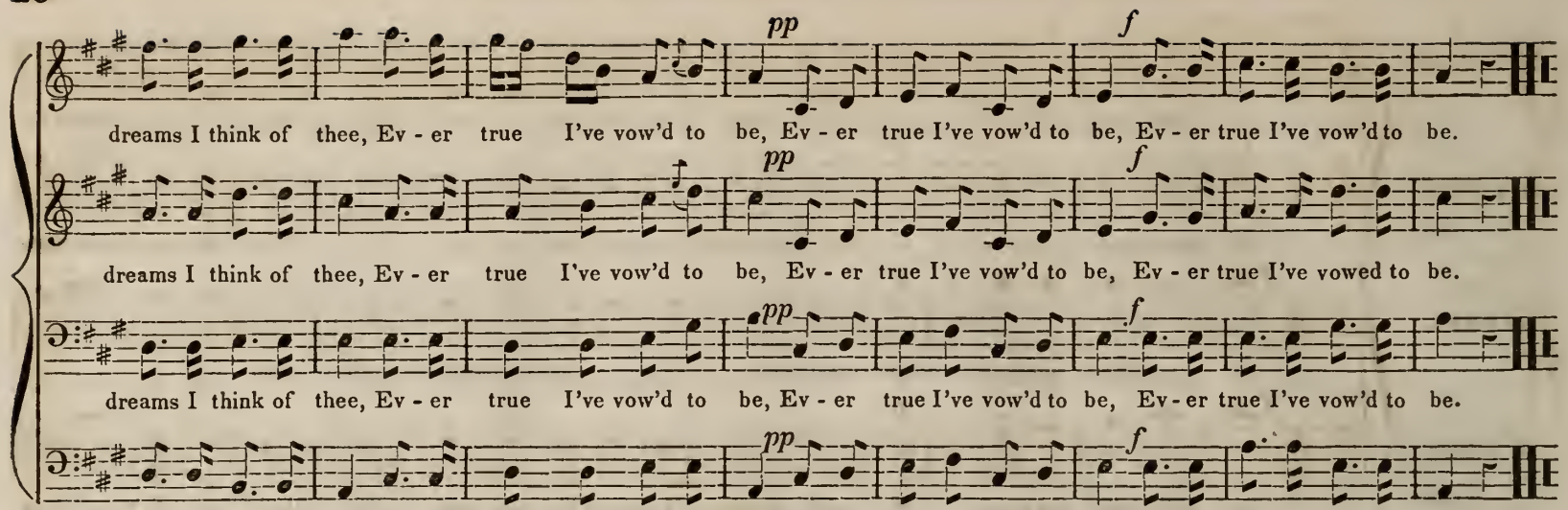
round and a-bove, Like bells it is sounding, Around and above, A-round and a - bove,
o - ver him roll, And flames hot and glowing, All o - ver him roll, All o - ver him roll,
round and above, Like bells it is sound-ing, Like bells it is sounding, Around and a-bove, A-round and a-bove, A-round and a - bove,
o-ver him roll, And flames hot and glowing, And flames hot and glowing, All o - ver him roll, All o - ver him roll, All o - ver him roll,
round and above, Like bells it is sound-ing, Like bells it is sounding, Around and a-bove, A-round and a-bove, A-round and a - bove,
o-ver him roll, And flames hot and glowing, And flames hot and glowing, All o - ver him roll, All o - ver him roll, All o - ver him roll,
Like bells it is sounding, Around and above, Like bells it is sound. - ing, A - round and a - bove.
And flames hot and glowing, All over him roll, And flames hot and glow - ing, All o - - - ver him roll.
Like bells it is sounding, Around and above, Like bells it is sounding, Around and above, Like bells it is sounding, Around and a - bove.
And flames hot and glowing, All over him roll, And flames hot and glowing, All over him roll, And flames hot and glowing, All over him roll.
Like bells it is sounding, Around and above, Like bells it is sounding, Around and above, Like bells it is sounding, Around and a - bove.
And flames hot and glowing, All over him roll, And flames hot and glowing, All over him roll, And flames hot and glowing, All over him roll.

'When the earth is hush'd to peace.'

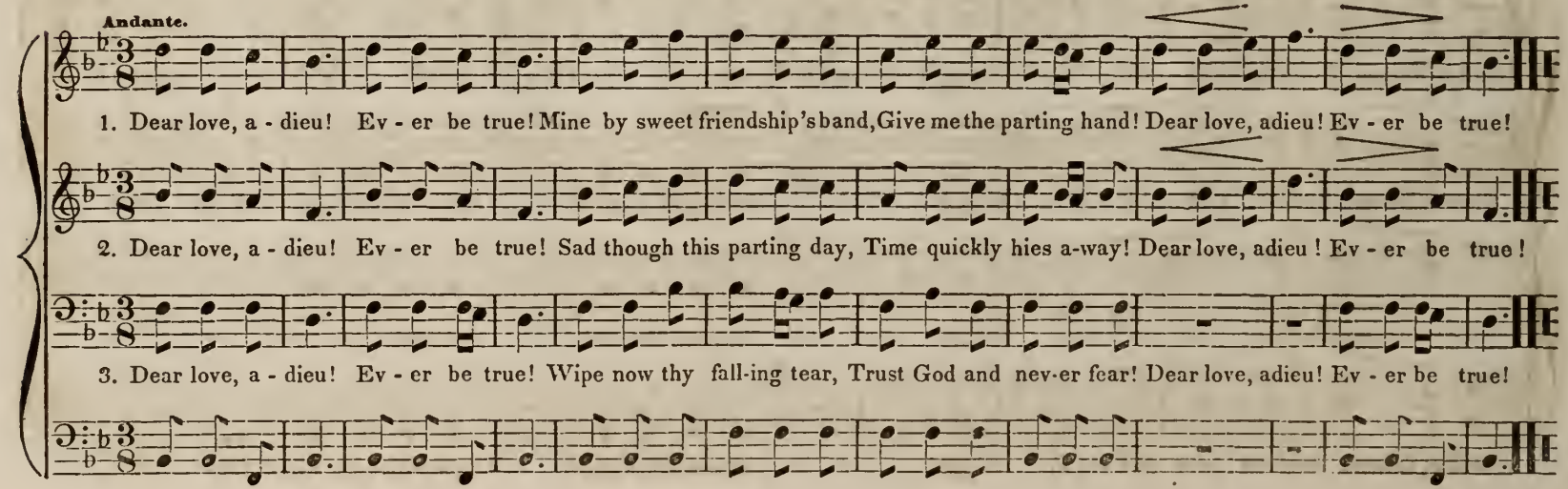
L. DE CALL.



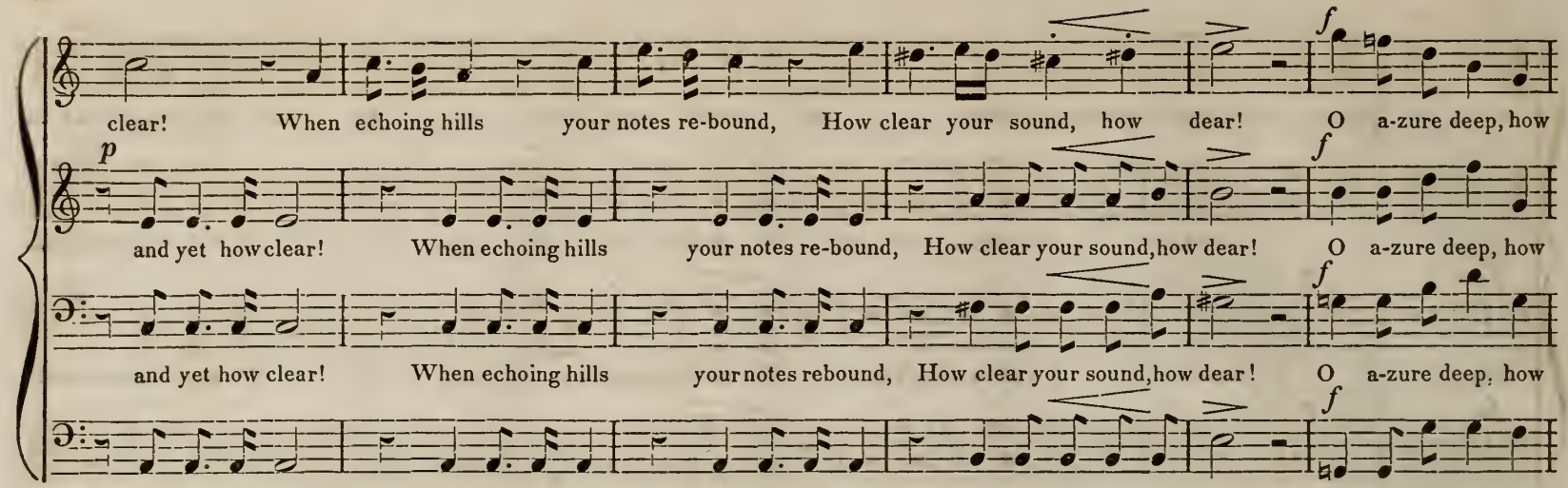
"peace - ful, peace - - - ful sleep; Far be ev - ery sor - row; O may heaven thy wel - fare
Whisp'ring "peaceful, peaceful sleep; Far be ev-ery sor - row; O may heaven thy welfare
p
Whisp'ring peaceful, peaceful sleep; O may heaven thy welfare keep.
"peace - ful, peace - ful sleep! Far be ev - ery sor - - - - row; O may heaven thy wel - - - fare
f p p f
keep, 'Till shall dawn the mor - row. Oft in dreams I think of thee, Ev-er true I've vow'd to be, Oft in
f p p f
keep, 'Till shall dawn the mor - row. Oft in dreams I think of thee, Ev-er true I've vow'd to be, Oft in
f p p f
'Till shall dawn the mor - row. I think of thee, I've vow'd to be, Oft in
f p f
keep, 'Till shall dawn the mor - row. I think of thee, I've vow'd to be, Oft in

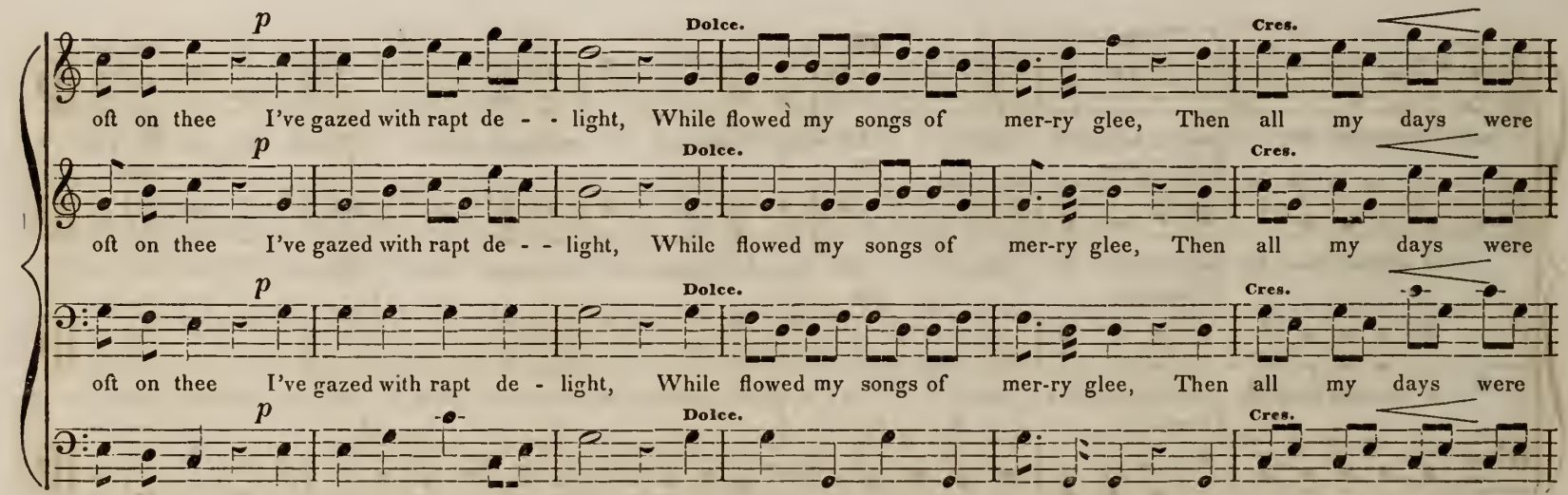


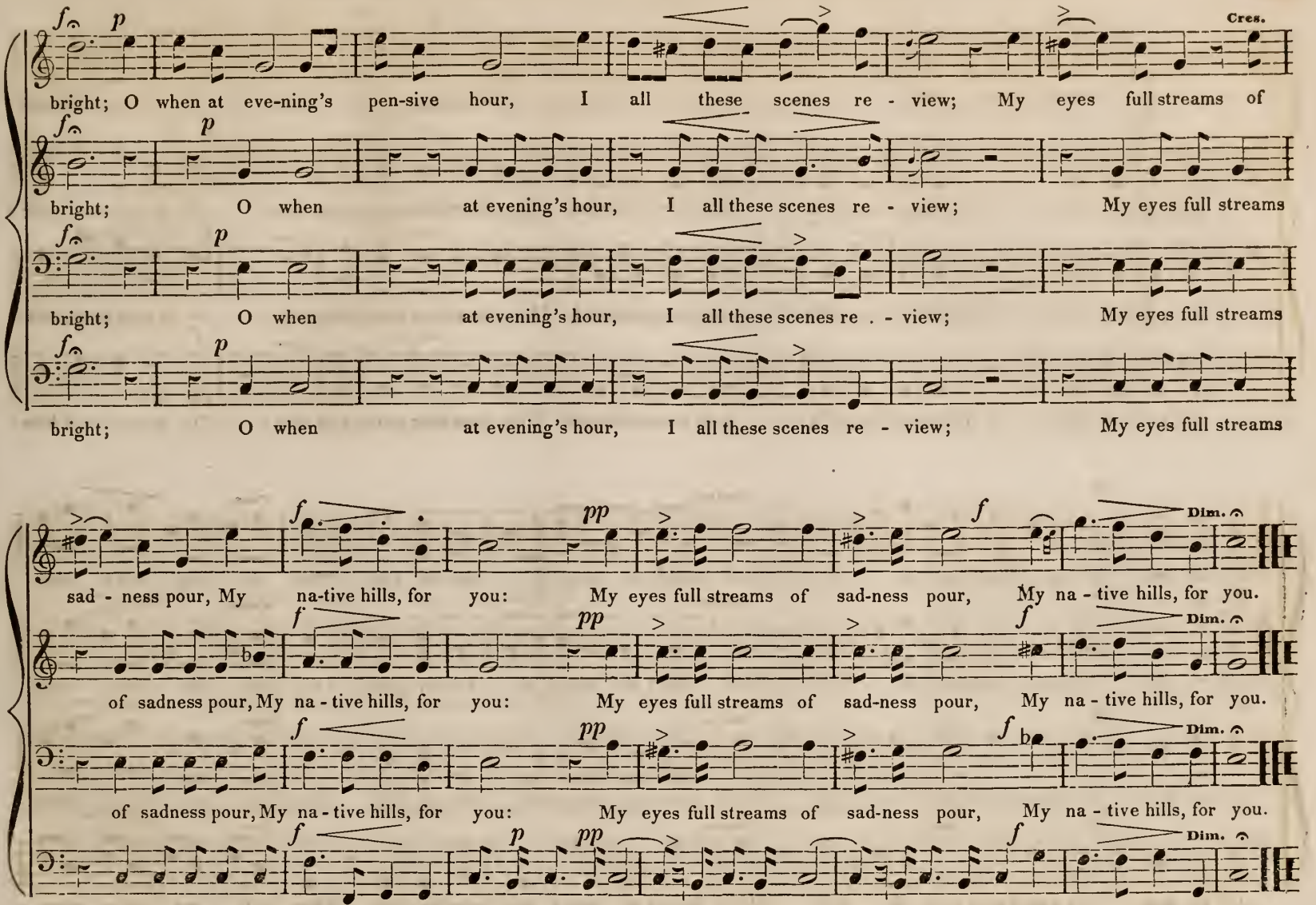
'Dear love, farewell!' (THE FAREWELL.)



Andante Moderato.
1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
O moun-tain glaziers, lit with beams Of heaven's se - ren - est light, How oft my heart with
Cres.
Dim.
Cantabile.
fondest dreams, Re-views your lof - - ty height ! O mountain home! how sweet you sound! How full, and yet how
fondest dreams, Reviews your lof - - ty height! O mountain home! how sweet you sound! How full
fondest dreams, Reviews your lof - - ty height! O mountain home! how sweet you sound! How full
fondest dreams, Reviews your lof - - ty height! O mountain home! how sweet you sound! How full

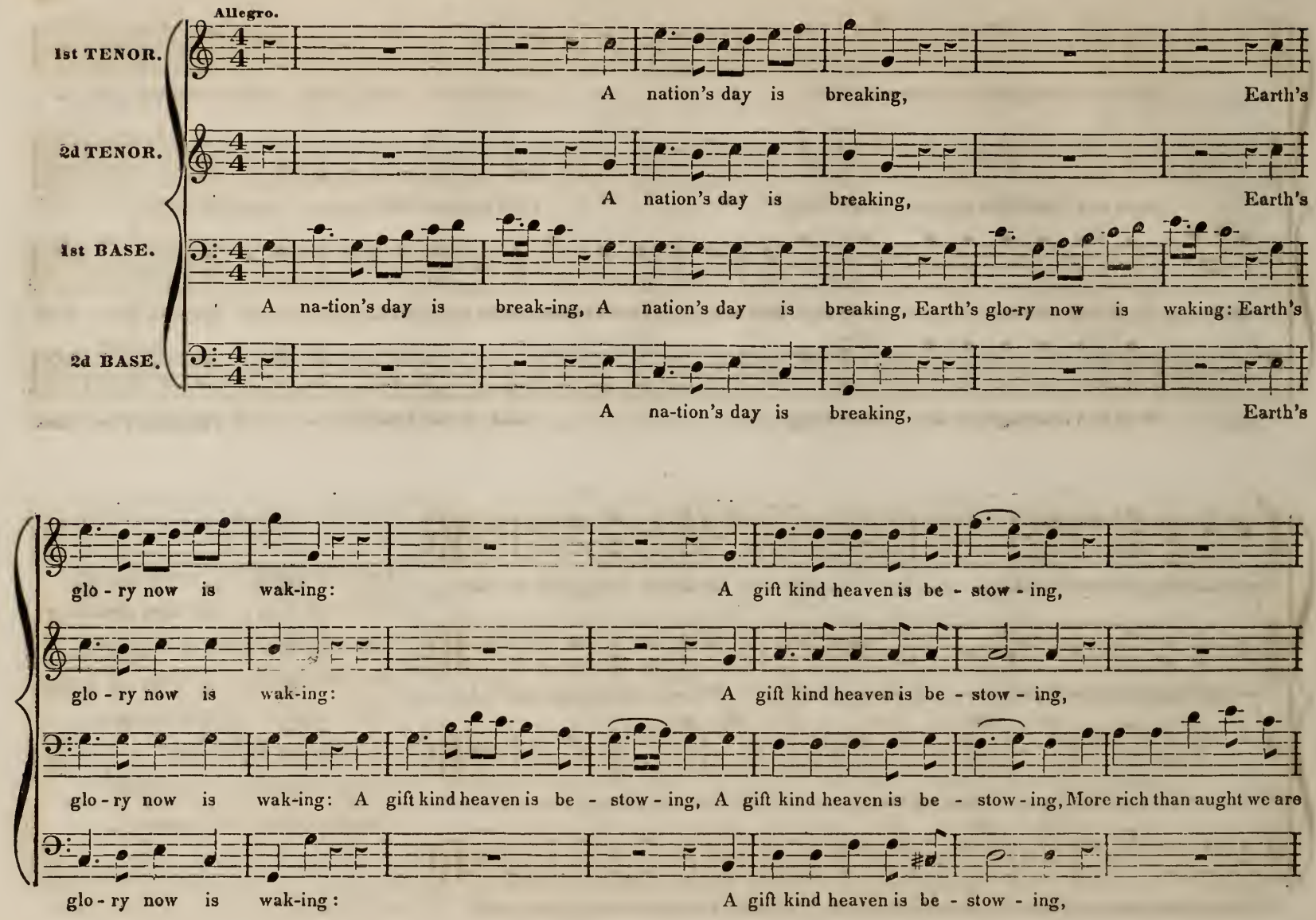

clear! When echoing hills your notes re-bound, How clear your sound, how dear! O a-zure deep, how
p
and yet how clear! When echoing hills your notes re-bound, How clear your sound, how dear! O a-zure deep, how
and yet how clear! When echoing hills your notes rebound, How clear your sound, how dear! O a-zure deep, how
and yet how clear! When echoing hills your notes rebound, How clear your sound, how dear! O a-zure deep, how

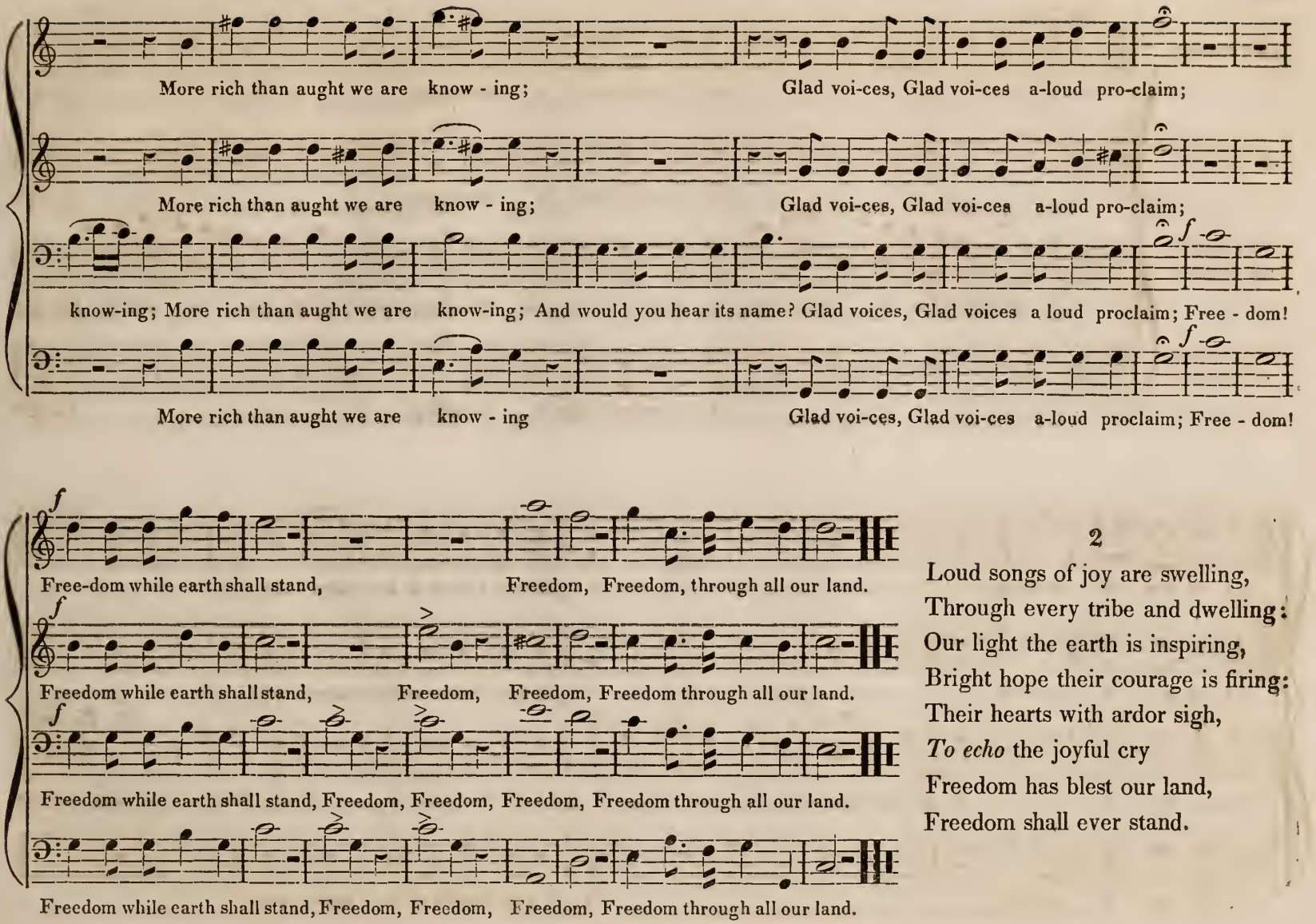

p
Dolce.
Cres.
oft on thee I've gazed with rapt de - - light, While flowed my songs of mer-ry glee, Then all my days were
oft on thee I've gazed with rapt de - - light, While flowed my songs of mer-ry glee, Then all my days were
oft on thee I've gazed with rapt de - light, While flowed my songs of mer-ry glee, Then all my days were
oft on thee I've gazed with rapt de - light, While flowed my songs of mer-ry glee, Then all my days were


f p
Cres.
bright; O when at eve-ning's pen-sive hour, I all these scenes re - view; My eyes full streams of
bright; O when at evening's hour, I all these scenes re - view; My eyes full streams
bright; O when at evening's hour, I all these scenes re . - view; My eyes full streams
bright; O when at evening's hour, I all these scenes re - view; My eyes full streams
f pp f Dim.
sad - ness pour, My na-tive hills, for you: My eyes full streams of sad-ness pour, My na - tive hills, for you.
of sadness pour, My na - tive hills, for you: My eyes full streams of sad-ness pour, My na - tive hills, for you.
of sadness pour, My na - tive hills, for you: My eyes full streams of sad-ness pour, My na - tive hills, for you.
of sadness pour, My na - tive hills, for you: My eyes full streams of sad-ness pour, My native hills, My na - tive hills, for you.

'A nation's day is breaking.' (SONG OF FREEDOM.)

C. M. v. WEBER.



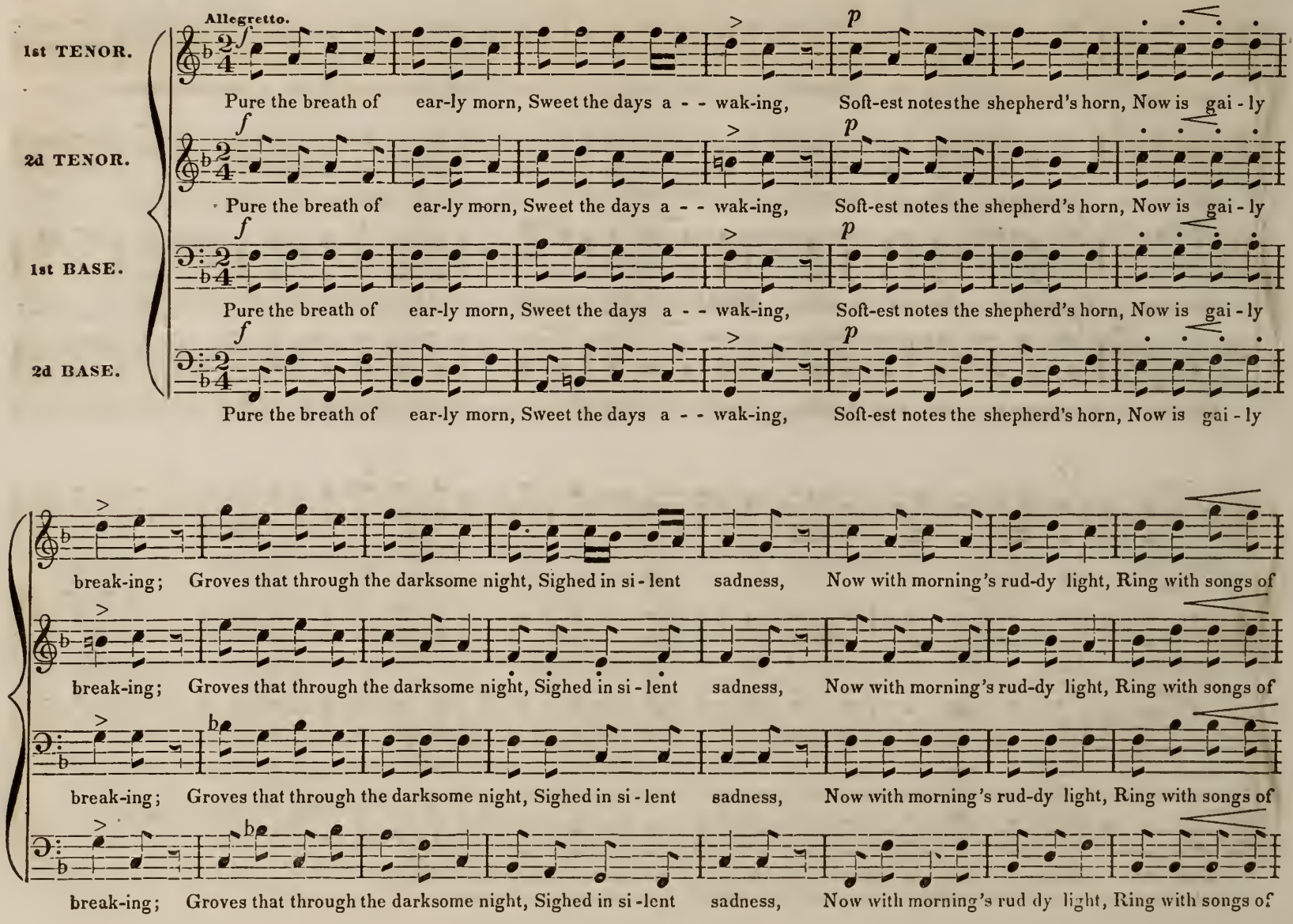


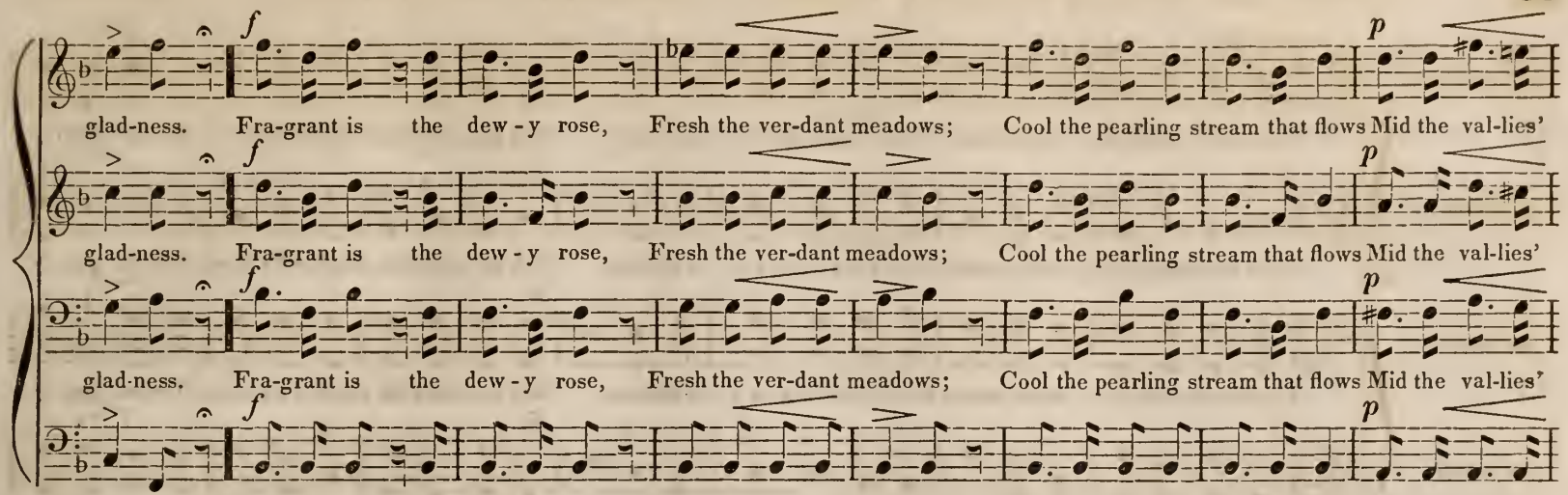
2

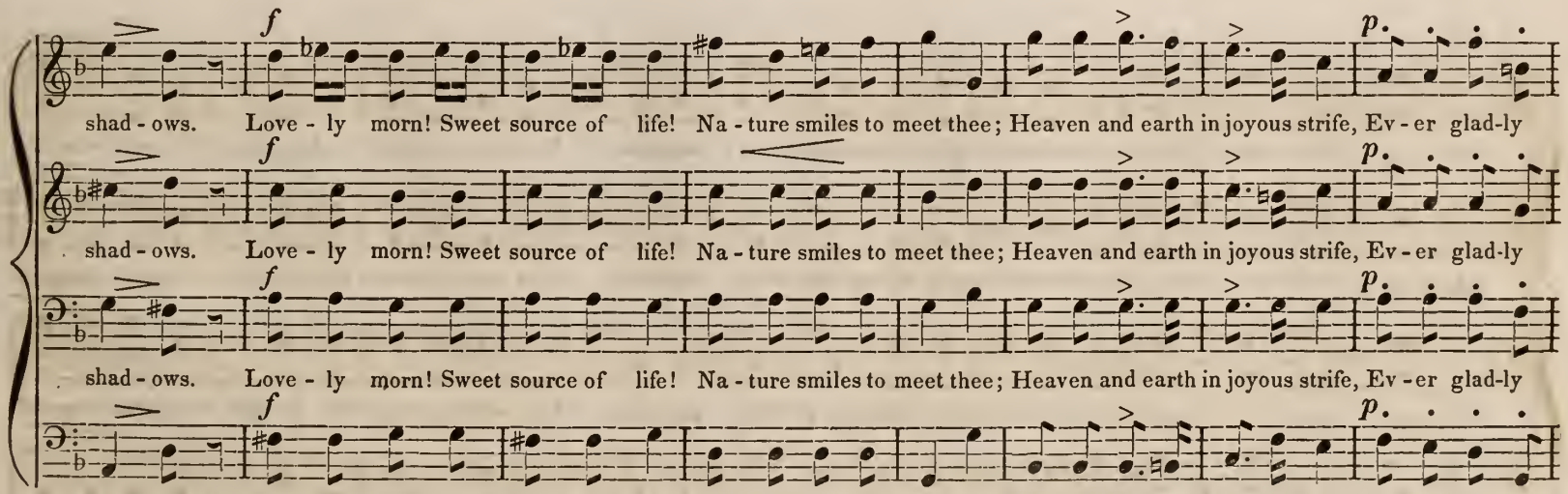
Loud songs of joy are swelling,
Through every tribe and dwelling:
Our light the earth is inspiring,
Bright hope their courage is firing:
Their hearts with ardor sigh,
To echo the joyful cry
Freedom has blest our land,
Freedom shall ever stand.

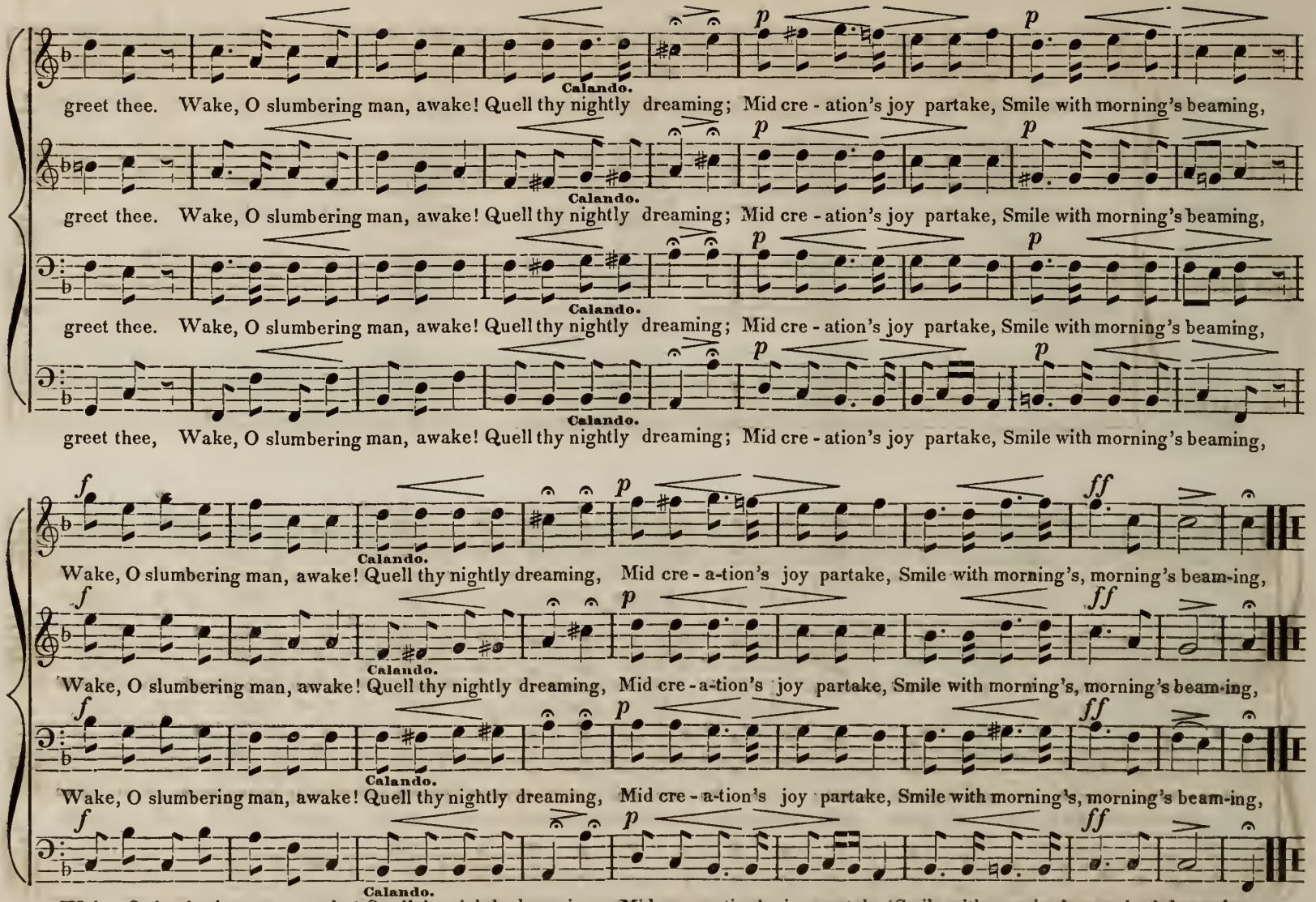
'Pure the breath of early morn.' (MORNING PLEASURE.)

C. KREUTZER.




glad-ness. Fra-grant is the dew-y rose, Fresh the ver-dant meadows; Cool the pearling stream that flows Mid the val-lies'
glad-ness. Fra-grant is the dew-y rose, Fresh the ver-dant meadows; Cool the pearling stream that flows Mid the val-lies'
glad-ness. Fra-grant is the dew-y rose, Fresh the ver-dant meadows; Cool the pearling stream that flows Mid the val-lies'
glad-ness. Fra-grant is the dew-y rose, Fresh the ver-dant meadows; Cool the pearling stream that flows Mid the val-lies'

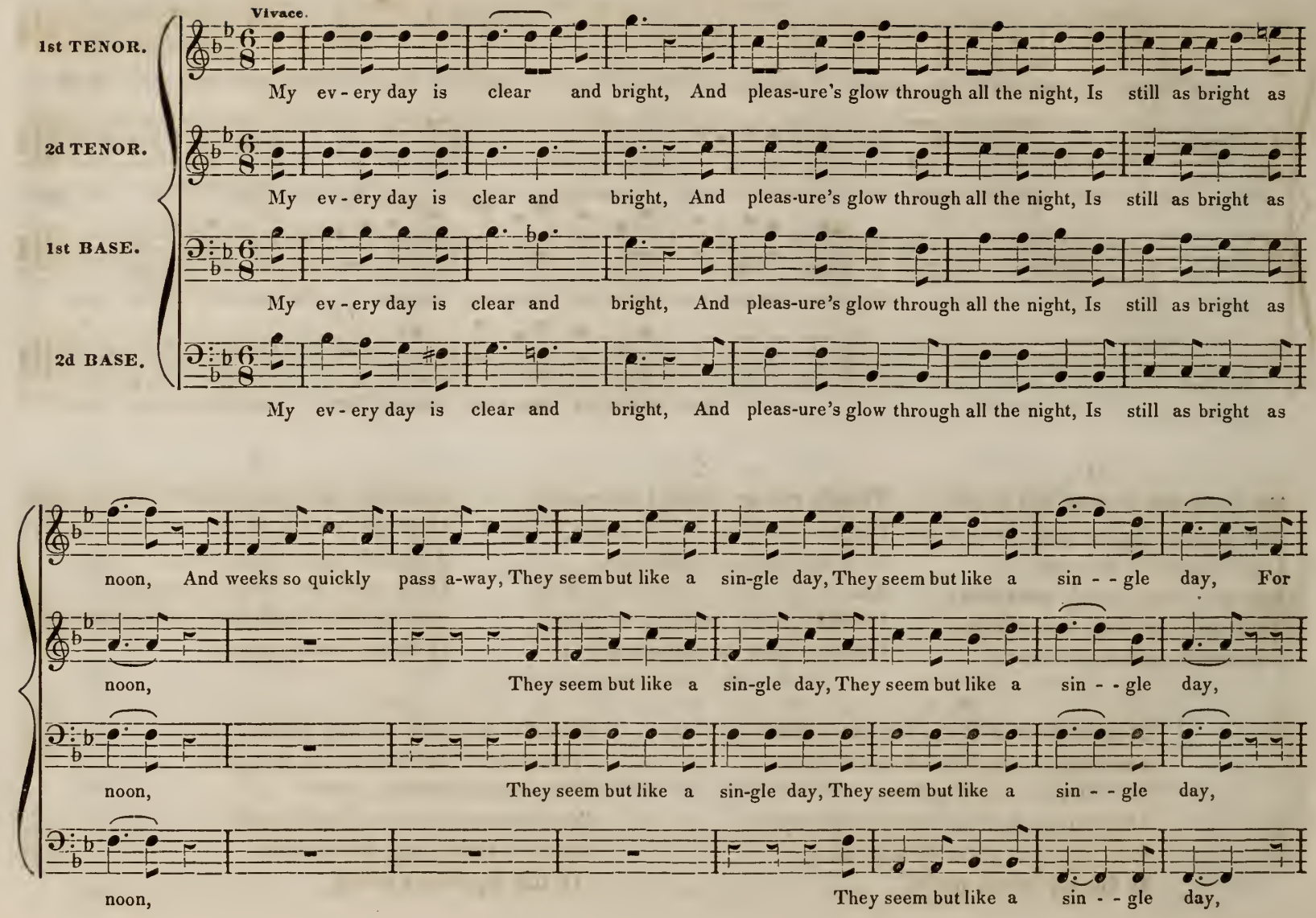

shad-ows. Love-ly morn! Sweet source of life! Na-ture smiles to meet thee; Heaven and earth in joyous strife, Ev-er glad-ly
shad-ows. Love-ly morn! Sweet source of life! Na-ture smiles to meet thee; Heaven and earth in joyous strife, Ev-er glad-ly
shad-ows. Love-ly morn! Sweet source of life! Na-ture smiles to meet thee; Heaven and earth in joyous strife, Ev-er glad-ly
shad-ows. Love-ly morn! Sweet source of life! Na-ture smiles to meet thee; Heaven and earth in joyous strife, Ev-er glad-ly

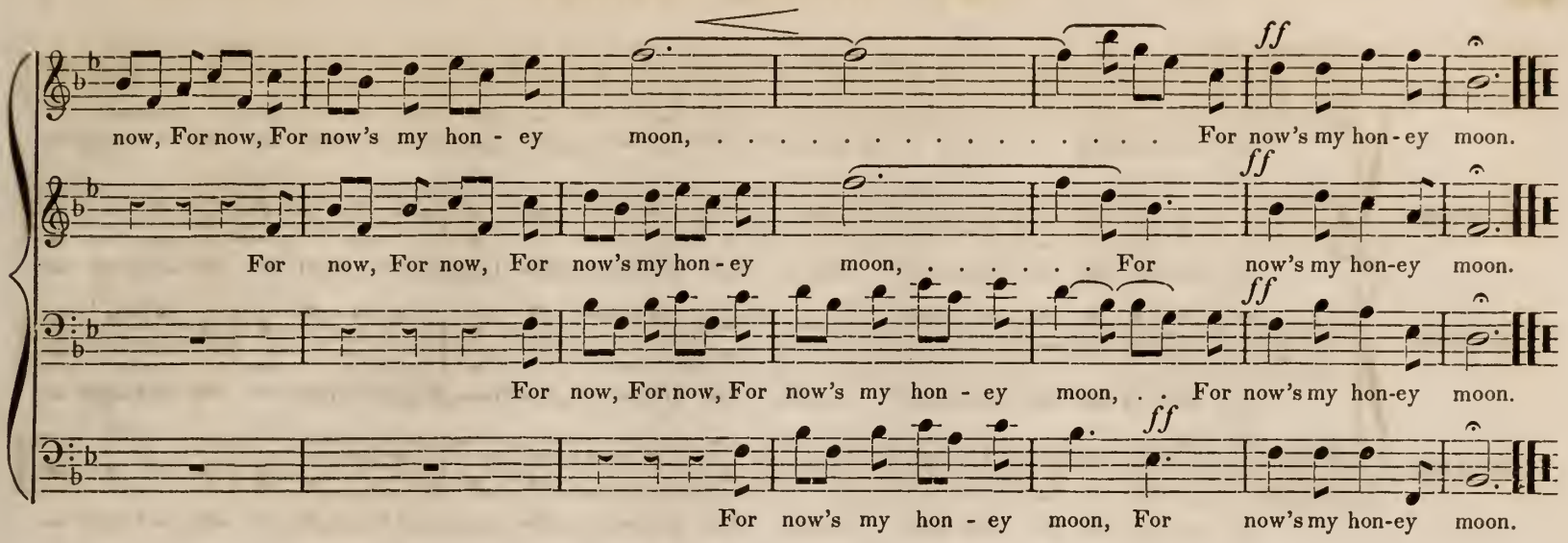

p
Calando.
greet thee. Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming; Mid cre - ation's joy partake, Smile with morning's beaming,
greet thee. Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming; Mid cre - ation's joy partake, Smile with morning's beaming,
greet thee. Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming; Mid cre - ation's joy partake, Smile with morning's beaming,
greet thee, Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming; Mid cre - ation's joy partake, Smile with morning's beaming,
f
p
ff
Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming, Mid cre - a-tion's joy partake, Smile with morning's, morning's beam-ing,
Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming, Mid cre - a-tion's joy partake, Smile with morning's, morning's beam-ing,
Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming, Mid cre - a-tion's joy partake, Smile with morning's, morning's beam-ing,
Wake, O slumbering man, awake! Quell thy nightly dreaming; Mid cre - a-tion's joy partake, Smile with morning's, morning's beam-ing,

1st TENOR.
And now we say to all good night, And now we say to all good night, And now we say to all good
2d TENOR.
And now we say to all good night, And now we say to all good
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
night, ... good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.
night, ... good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.
And now we say to all good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.
And now we say to all good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

THE HONEY MOON.

C. KREUTZER.





1

My every day is clear and bright,
And pleasure's glow thro' all the night,
Is still as bright as noon,
And weeks so quickly pass away,
They seem but like a single day,
For now's my honey moon.

2

There's not an object I can meet,
But seems my eyes with smiles to greet,
As if my heart were known,
And every sound I chance to hear,
Pours heavenly music in my ear,
For now's my honey moon.

3

O whence the spell whose golden chains
Have conquered all my usual pains,
And, like some rev'ry swoon,
Have made me every ill forget,
And feel that earth and heaven are met?
O 'tis my honey moon.

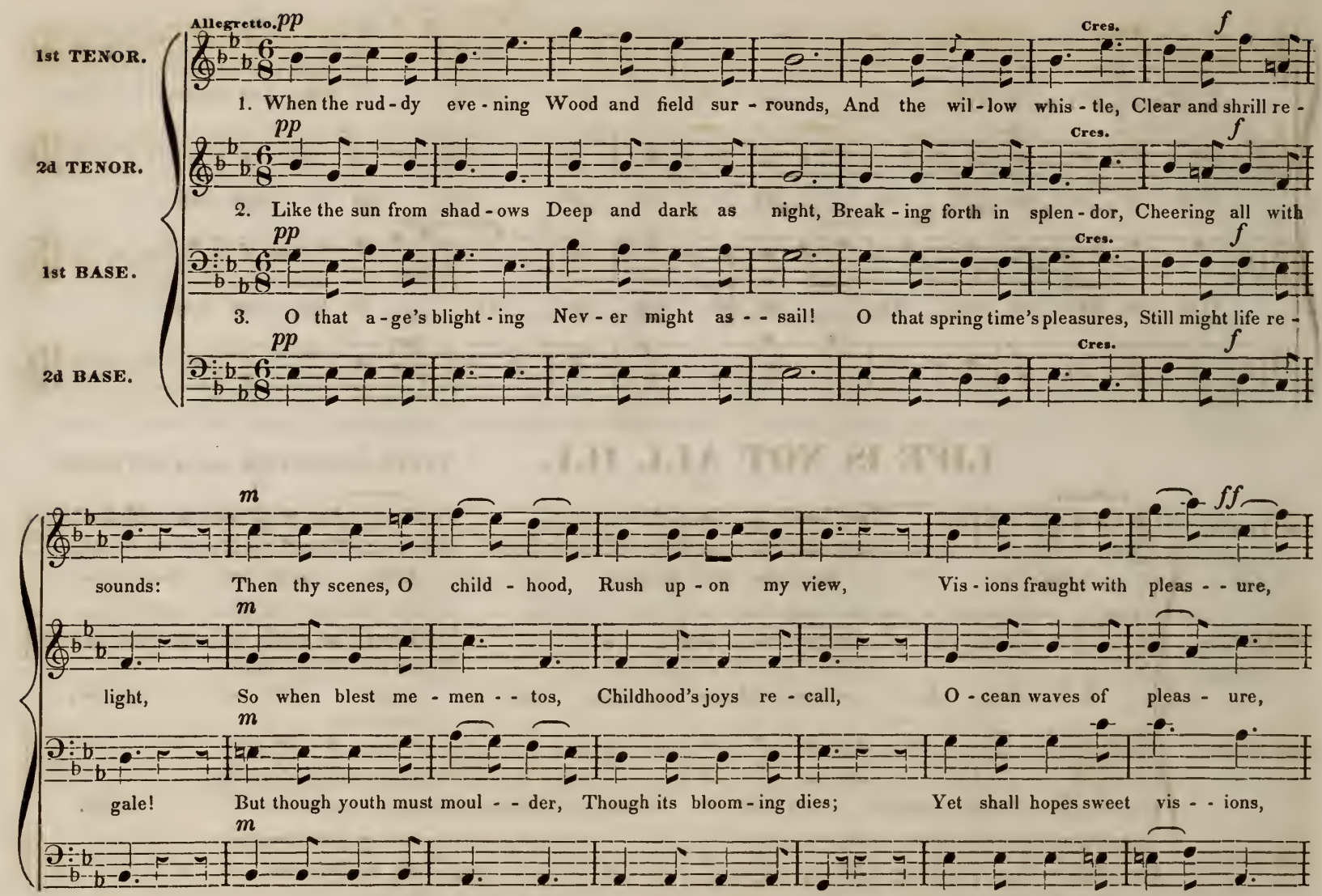
4

There's many a day of laughing cheer
And many a day when hope is clear,
But where is found a boon
That brings such smiles of present joy,
Such hopes of good without alloy,
As this my honey moon.

5

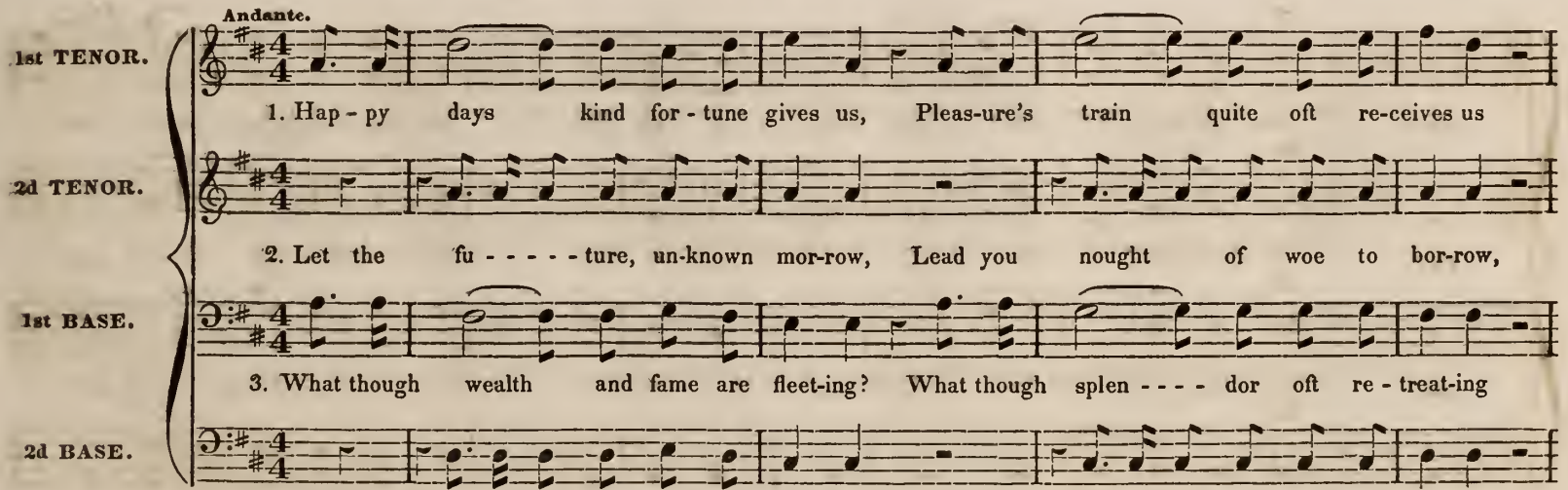
O sad to tell, and strange as sad,
That days so fair and blithe and glad,
Should pass away so soon!
May she on whom my joys depend,
Be such that *I* may find no end
To this my honey moon.

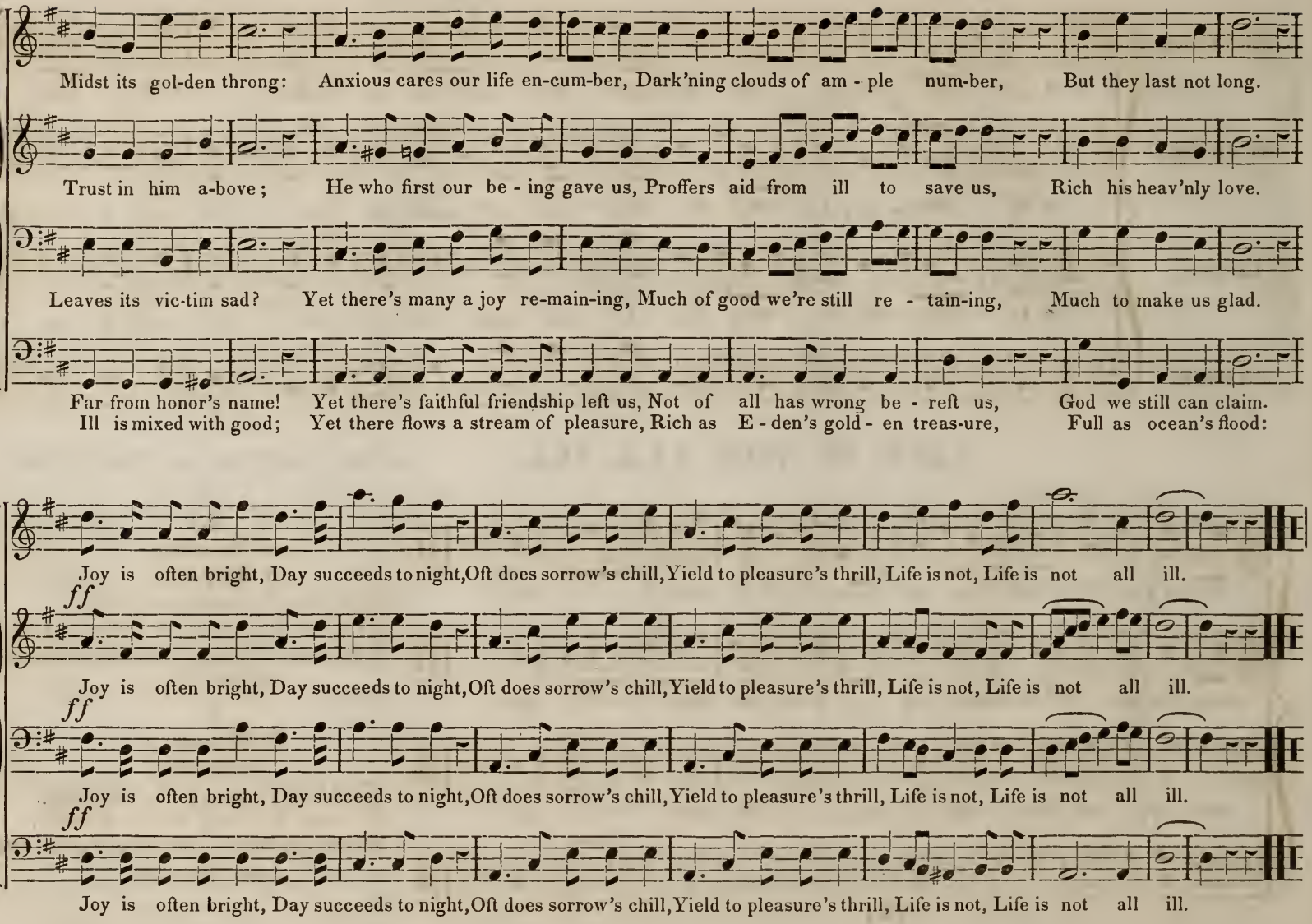
'When the ruddy evening.' (CHILDHOOD.)

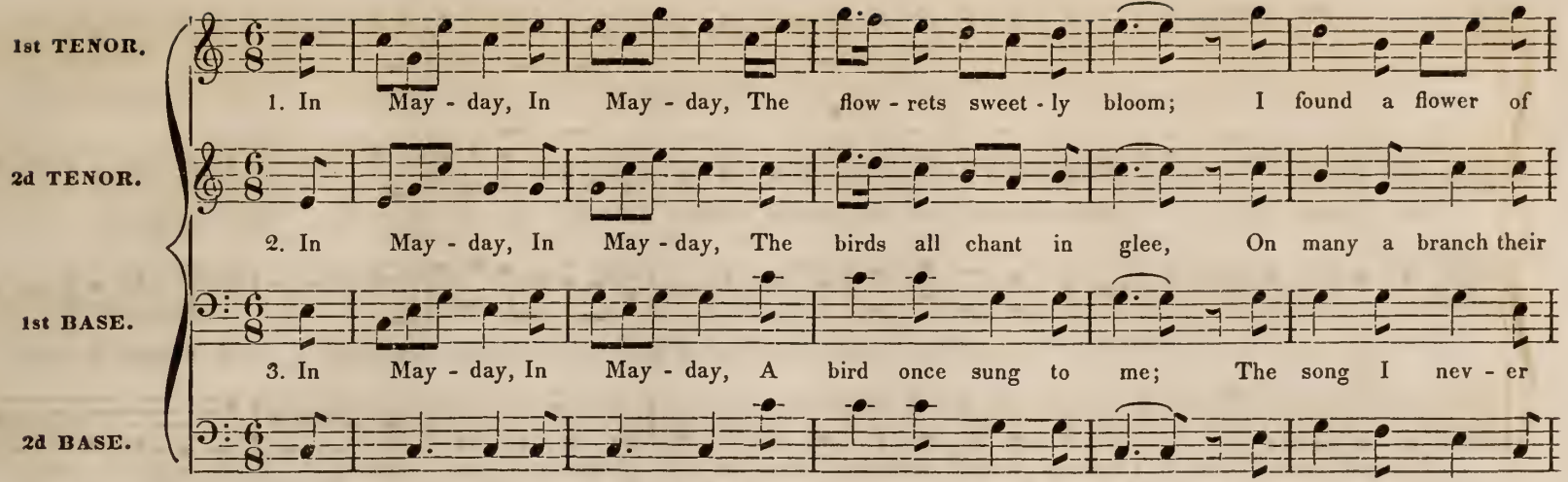


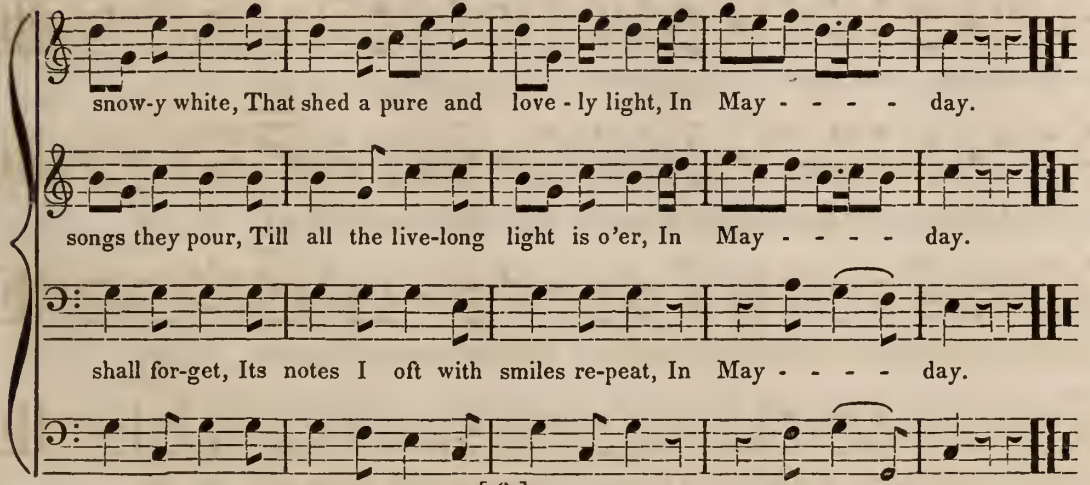
LIFE IS NOT ALL ILL.

XAVER SCHNYDER von WARTENSEE.




Midst its gol-den throng: Anxious cares our life en-cum-ber, Dark'ning clouds of am - ple num-ber, But they last not long.
Trust in him a-bove; He who first our be - ing gave us, Proffers aid from ill to save us, Rich his heav'nly love.
Leaves its vic-tim sad? Yet there's many a joy re-main-ing, Much of good we're still re - tain-ing, Much to make us glad.
Far from honor's name! Yet there's faithful friendship left us, Not of all has wrong be - reft us, God we still can claim.
Ill is mixed with good; Yet there flows a stream of pleasure, Rich as E - den's gold - en treas-ure, Full as ocean's flood:
Joy is often bright, Day succeeds to night, Oft does sorrow's chill, Yield to pleasure's thrill, Life is not, Life is not all ill.
ff
Joy is often bright, Day succeeds to night, Oft does sorrow's chill, Yield to pleasure's thrill, Life is not, Life is not all ill.
ff
Joy is often bright, Day succeeds to night, Oft does sorrow's chill, Yield to pleasure's thrill, Life is not, Life is not all ill.
ff
Joy is often bright, Day succeeds to night, Oft does sorrow's chill, Yield to pleasure's thrill, Life is not, Life is not all ill.



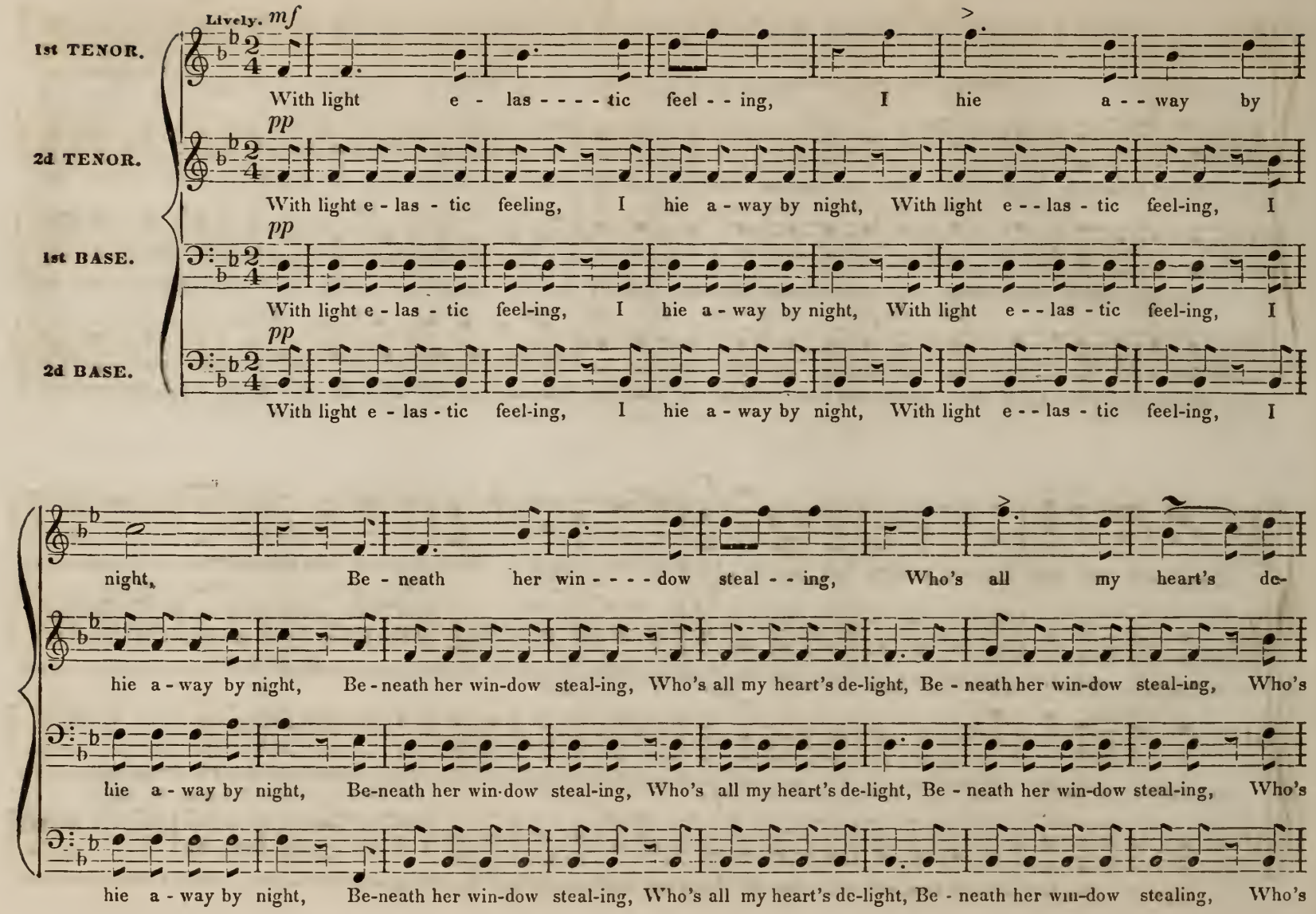


4
In May-day,
In May-day,
How glad I heard that song;
Its notes were mellow notes of love,
Like those from golden harps above,
In May-day.

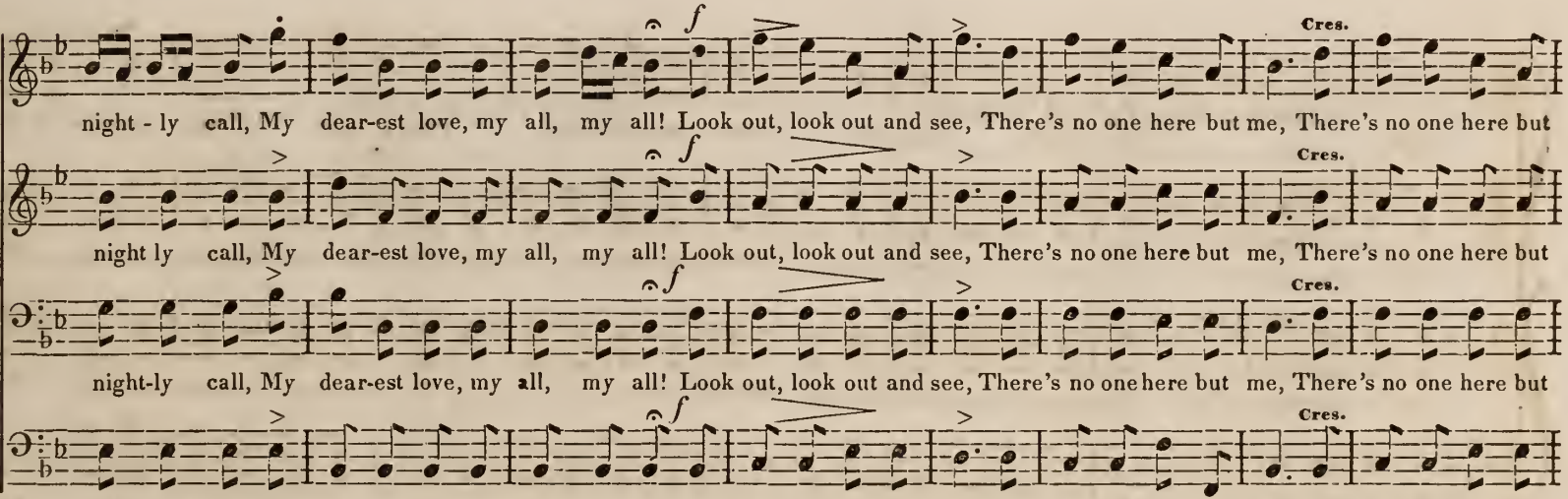
5
In May-day,
In May-day,
That flower, that bird, that song,
O 'twas the maid I love to meet,
Whose blooming smiles are ever sweet,
Like May-day.

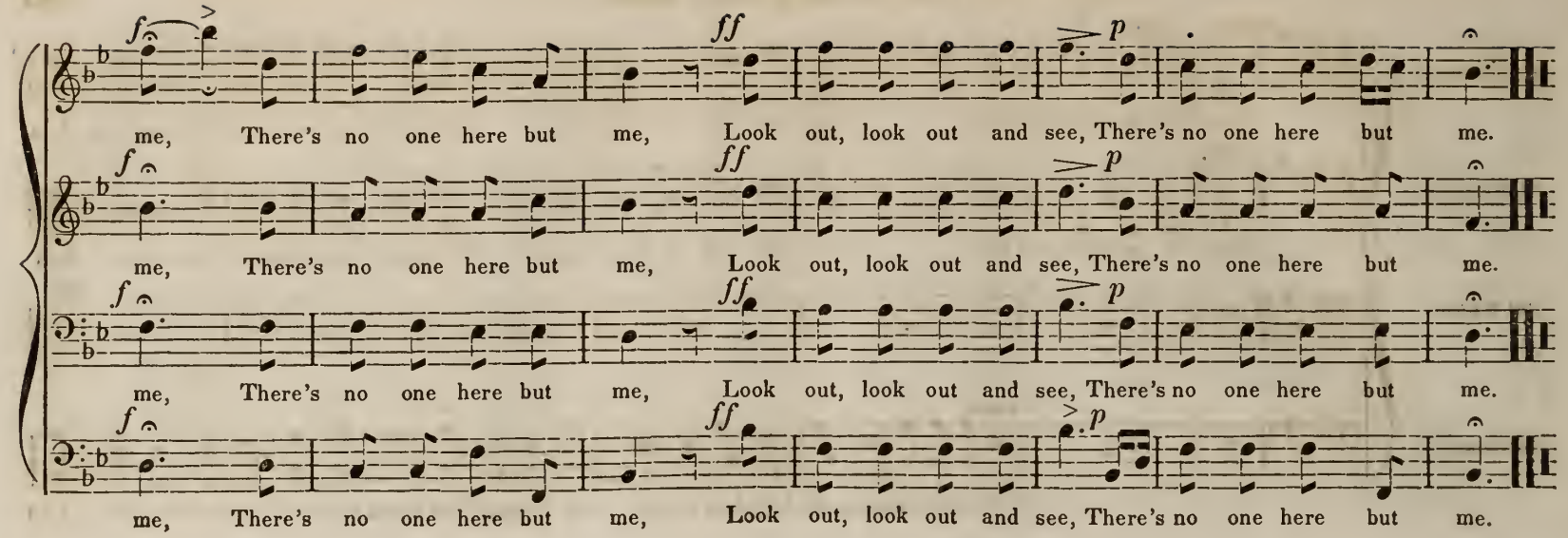
THE SERENADE.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.



light. Wake, wake, and hear my night - ly call, My dear-est love, my all, my all! Wake, wake, and hear my
all my heart's de - light. Wake, wake, and hear my night-ly call, My dear-est love, my all, my all, Wake, wake and hear my
all my heart's de - light. Wake, wake, and hear my night-ly call, My dear-est love, my all, my all! Wake, wake, and hear my
all my heart's de - light. Wake, wake, and hear my night - ly call, My dear-est love, my all, my all! Wake, wake, and hear my


night - ly call, My dear-est love, my all, my all! Look out, look out and see, There's no one here but me, There's no one here but
night ly call, My dear-est love, my all, my all! Look out, look out and see, There's no one here but me, There's no one here but
night-ly call, My dear-est love, my all, my all! Look out, look out and see, There's no one here but me, There's no one here but
night-ly call, My dearest love, my all, my all! Look out, look out and see, There's no one here but me, There's no one here but

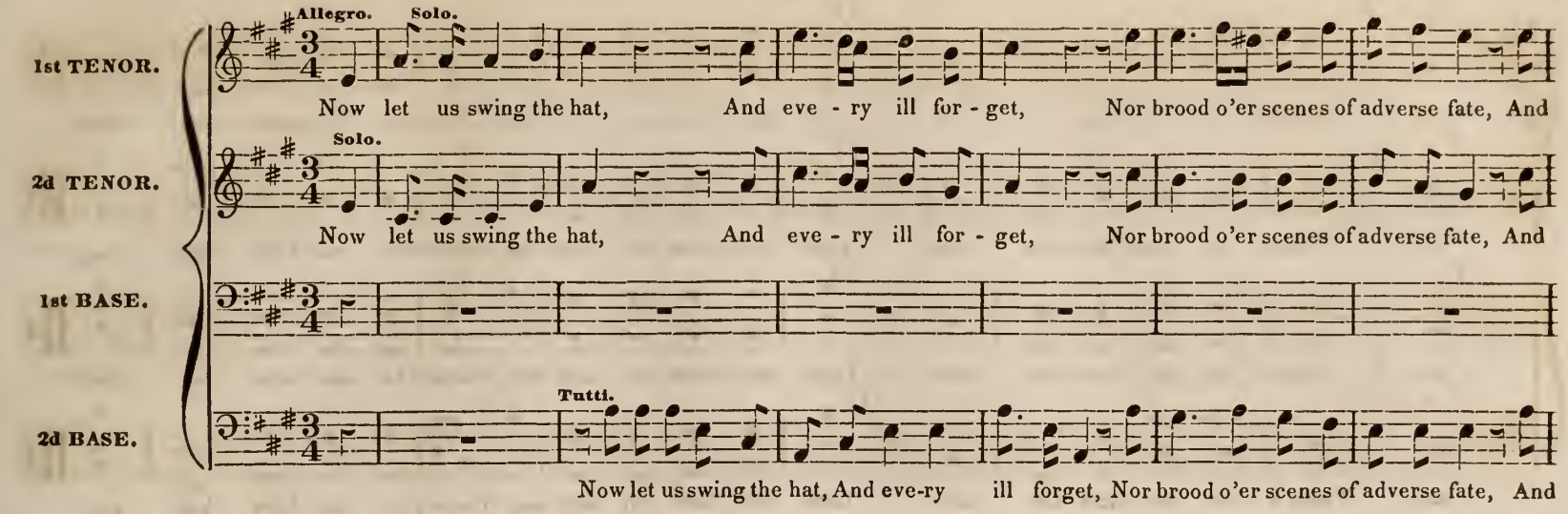


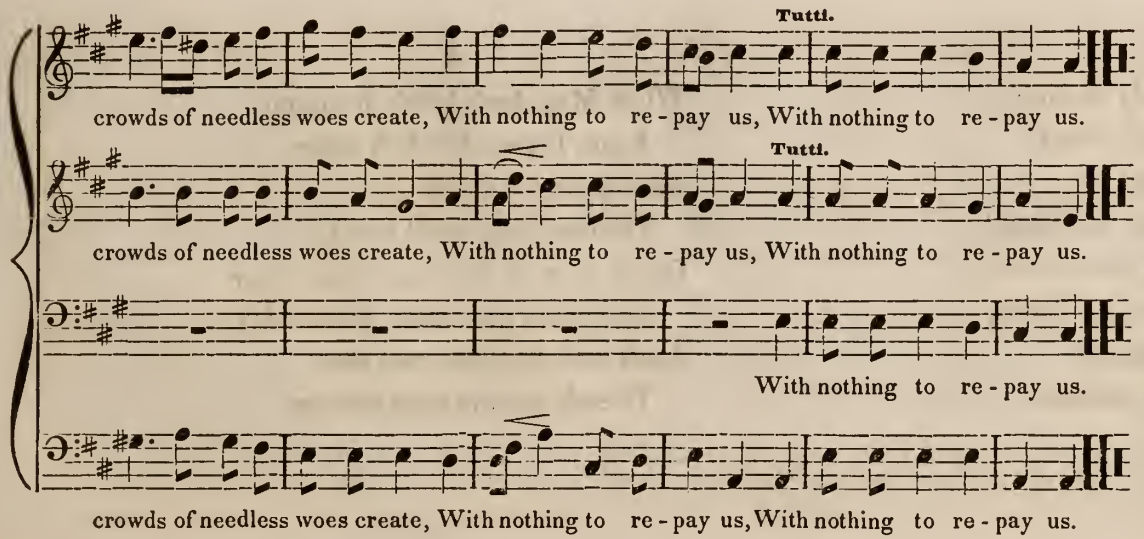
2

Soft moon-beams gently shining,
While silence reigns around,
Seem those to meet inclining
Whose hearts by love are bound:
Sweet joys with thee I always win,
Unlock the door, and let me in,
Look out, look out, and see
There's no one here but me.

3

When May-day's lovely beaming
Again her smiles shall wake,
Anticipation's dreaming
Fruition's day shall break;
Quick pass ye ling'ring hours away
And bring the happy golden day.
Look out, my love, and see,
There's no one here but me.





2

Of what avail to doze
O'er fortune's many woes,
And shroud our life with sorrow's pall,
For past events we can't recall,
For nothing, yes for nothing.

3

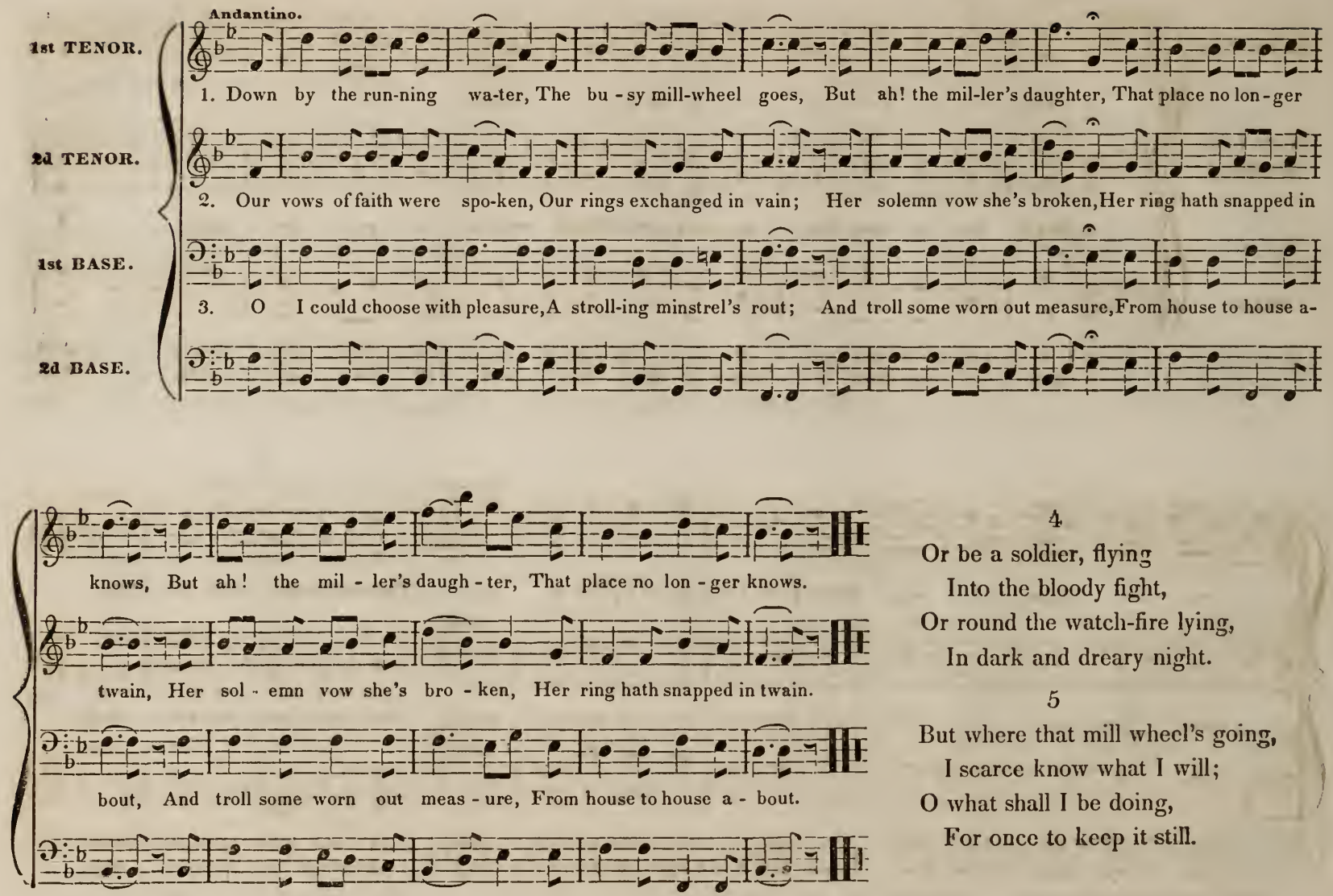
Ah why should anxious fears
For things of future years,
Consume our present peace and joy,
And turn our gold to base alloy,
And yet avail us nothing.

4

Ha, ha, we'll swing the hat,
And every ill forget,
And drive dull clouds and cares away,
And live to day, and live to day,
And make our life a blessing.

'Down by the running water,' (INCONSTANCY.)

FR. SILCHER.

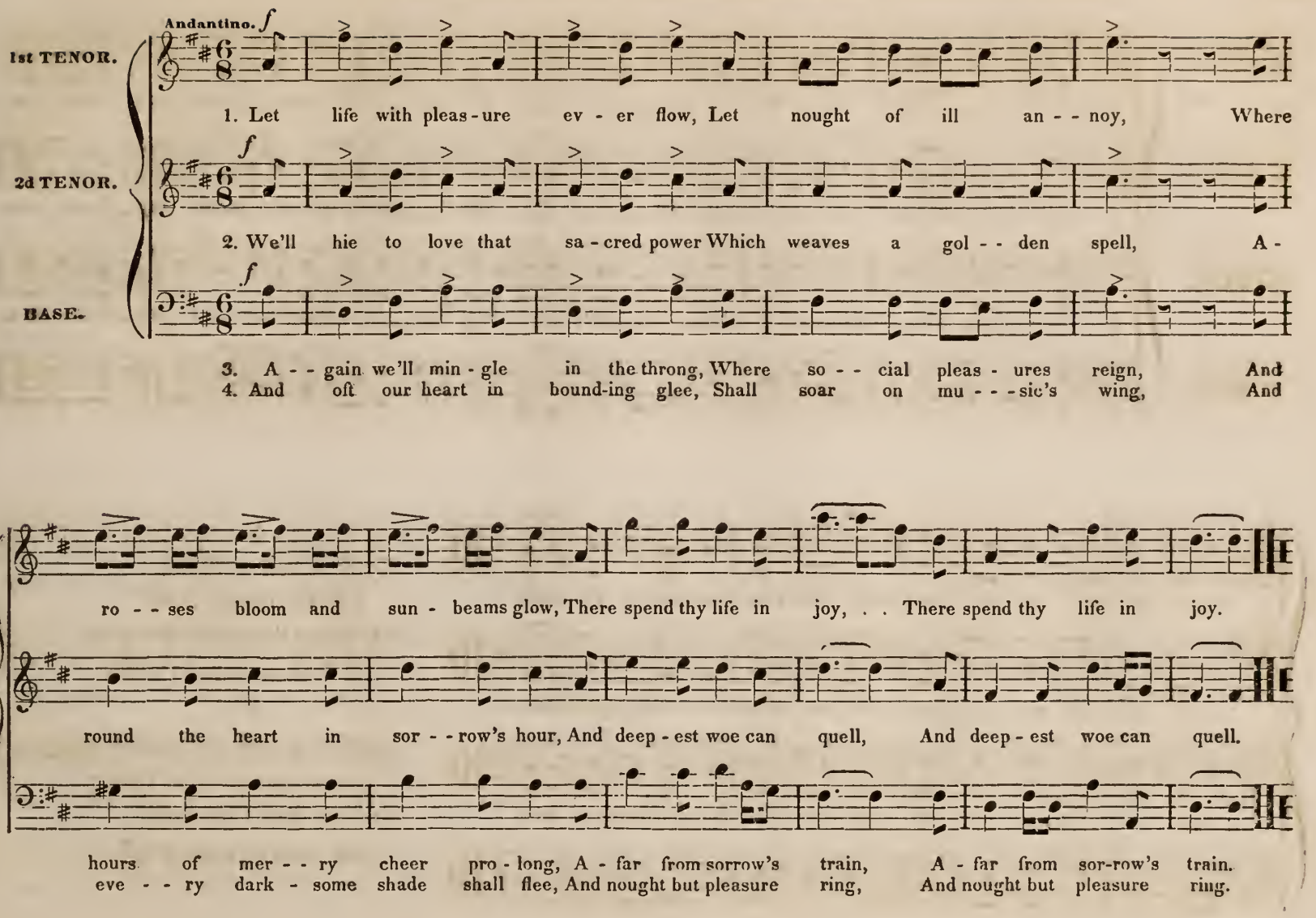


4

Or be a soldier, flying
Into the bloody fight,
Or round the watch-fire lying,
In dark and dreary night.

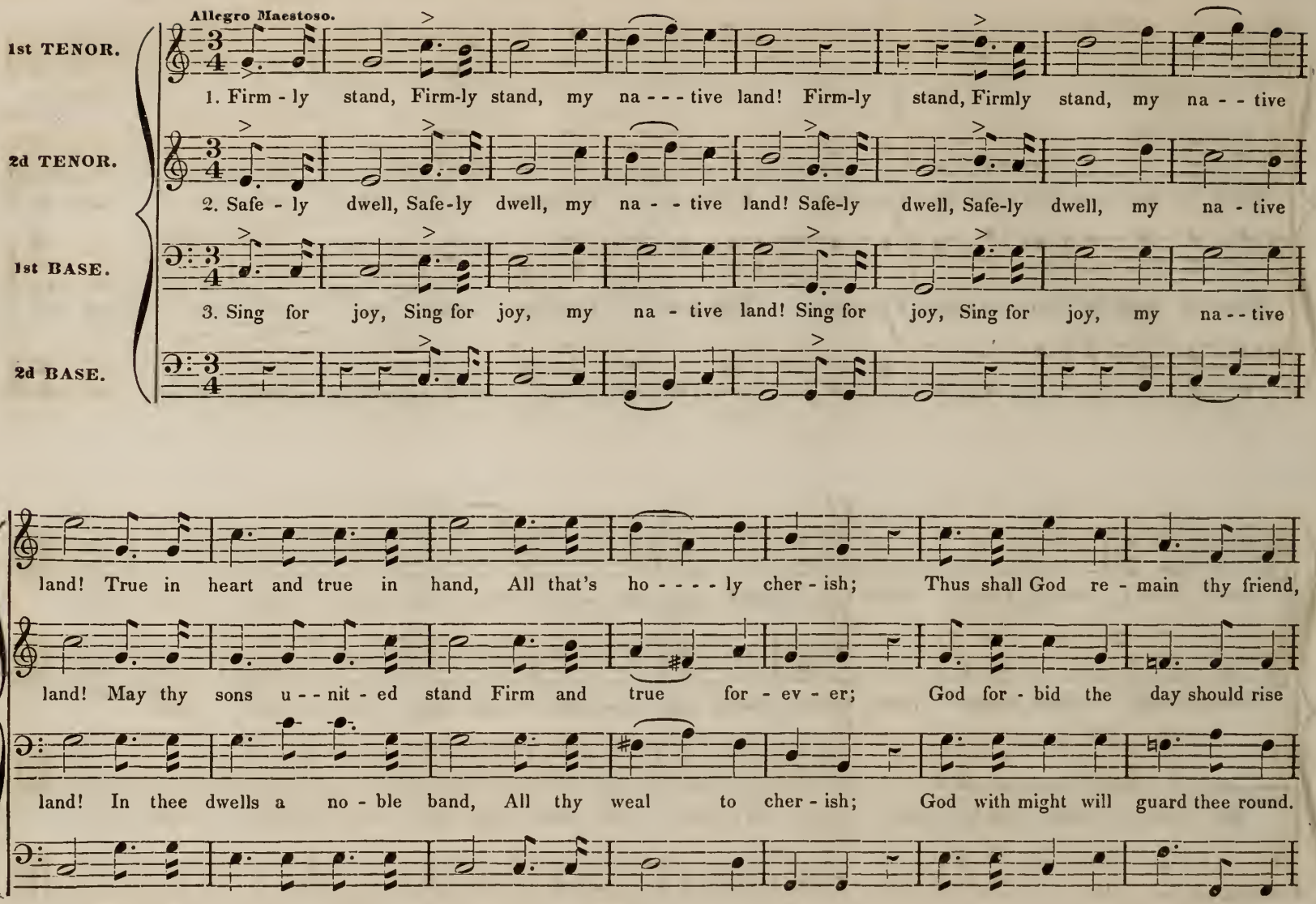
5

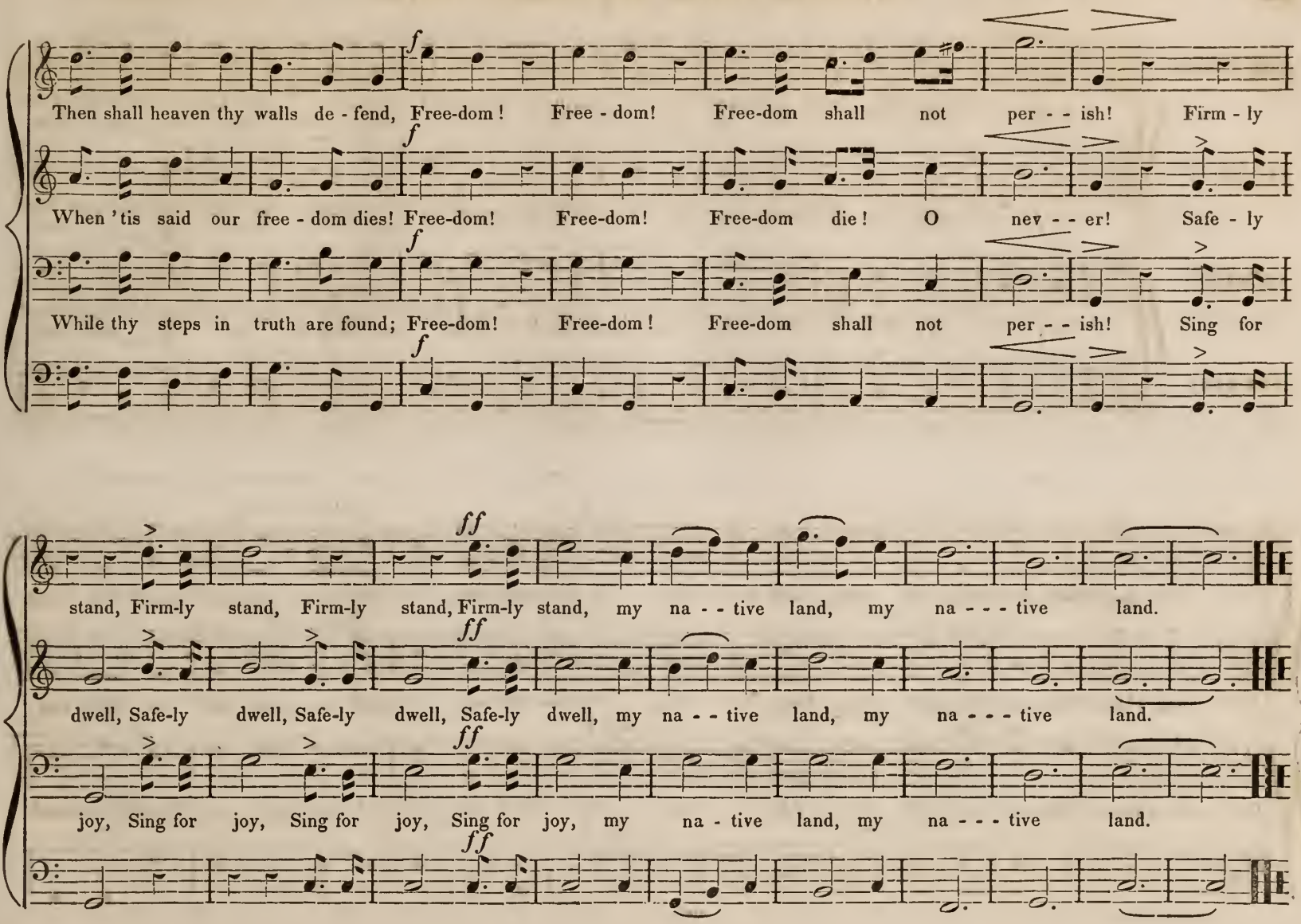
But where that mill wheel's going,
I scarce know what I will;
O what shall I be doing,
For once to keep it still.


Andantino.
1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
BASE.
1. Let life with pleas-ure ev - er flow, Let nought of ill an - - noy, Where
2. We'll hie to love that sa - cred power Which weaves a gol - - den spell, A -
3. A - - gain we'll min - gle in the throng, Where so - - cial pleas - ures reign, And
4. And oft our heart in bound-ing glee, Shall soar on mu - - -sic's wing, And
ro - - ses bloom and sun - beams glow, There spend thy life in joy, . . There spend thy life in joy.
round the heart in sor - - row's hour, And deep - est woe can quell, And deep - est woe can quell.
hours of mer - - ry cheer pro - long, A - far from sorrow's train, A - far from sor-row's train.
eve - - ry dark - some shade shall flee, And nought but pleasure ring, And nought but pleasure ring.

'Firmly stand, my native land.'

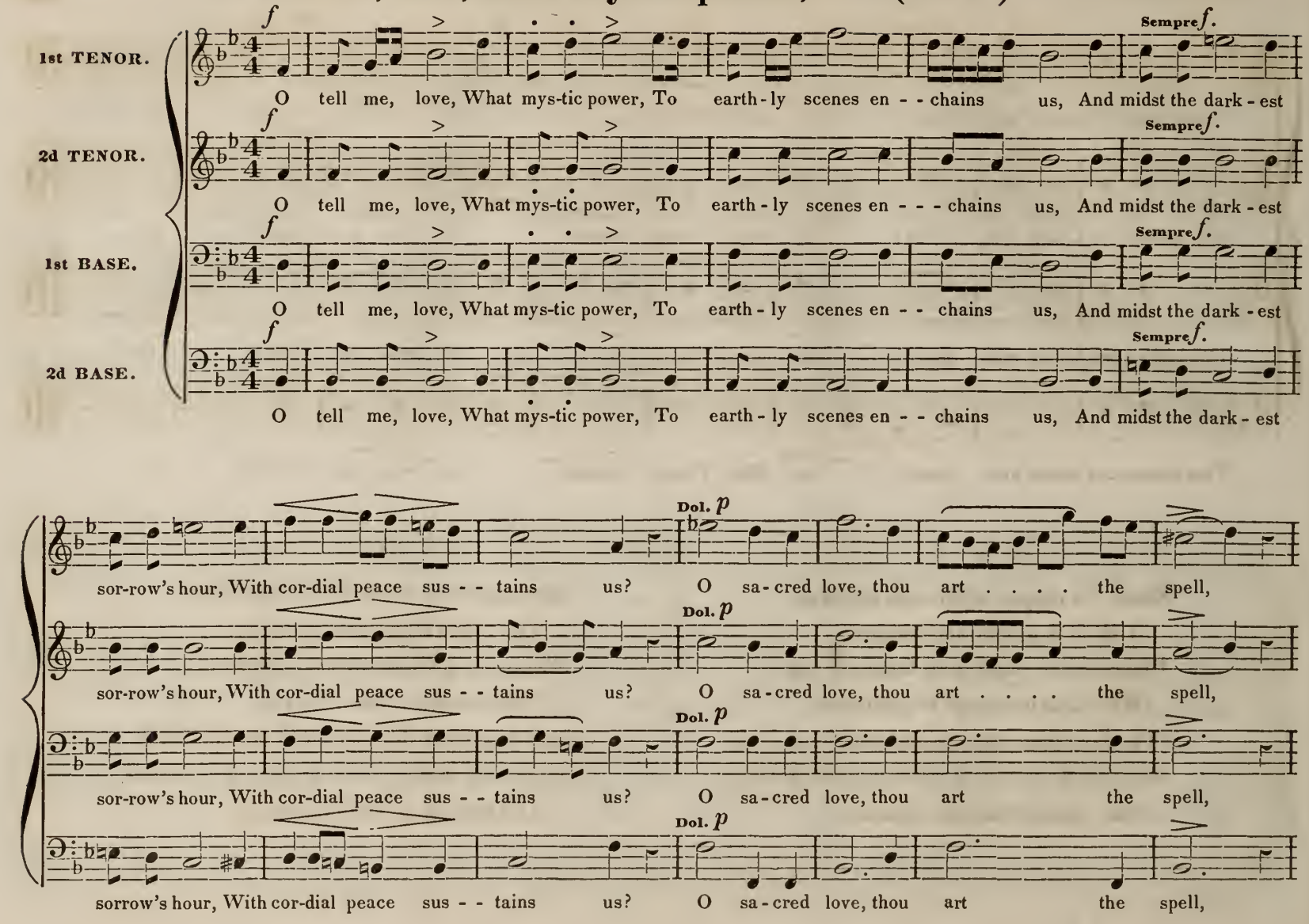
H. G. NAGELI.

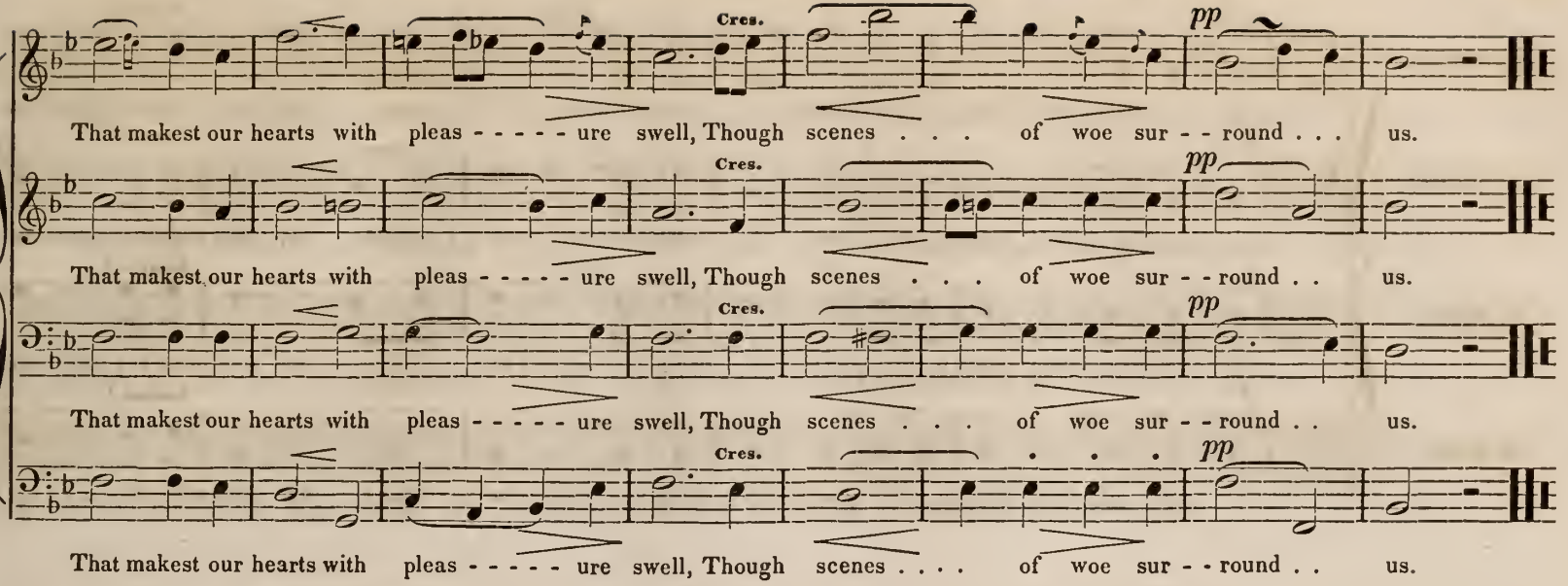



Then shall heaven thy walls de - fend, Free-dom! Free - dom! Free-dom shall not per - - ish! Firm - ly
When 'tis said our free - dom dies! Free-dom! Free-dom! Free-dom die! O nev - - er! Safe - ly
While thy steps in truth are found; Free-dom! Free-dom! Free-dom shall not per - - ish! Sing for
stand, Firm-ly stand, Firm-ly stand, Firm-ly stand, my na - - tive land, my na - - - tive land.
dwell, Safe-ly dwell, Safe-ly dwell, Safe-ly dwell, my na - - tive land, my na - - - tive land.
joy, Sing for joy, Sing for joy, Sing for joy, my na - tive land, my na - - - tive land.

'O tell me, love, what mystic power,' (LOVE.)

C. KREUTZER.





2

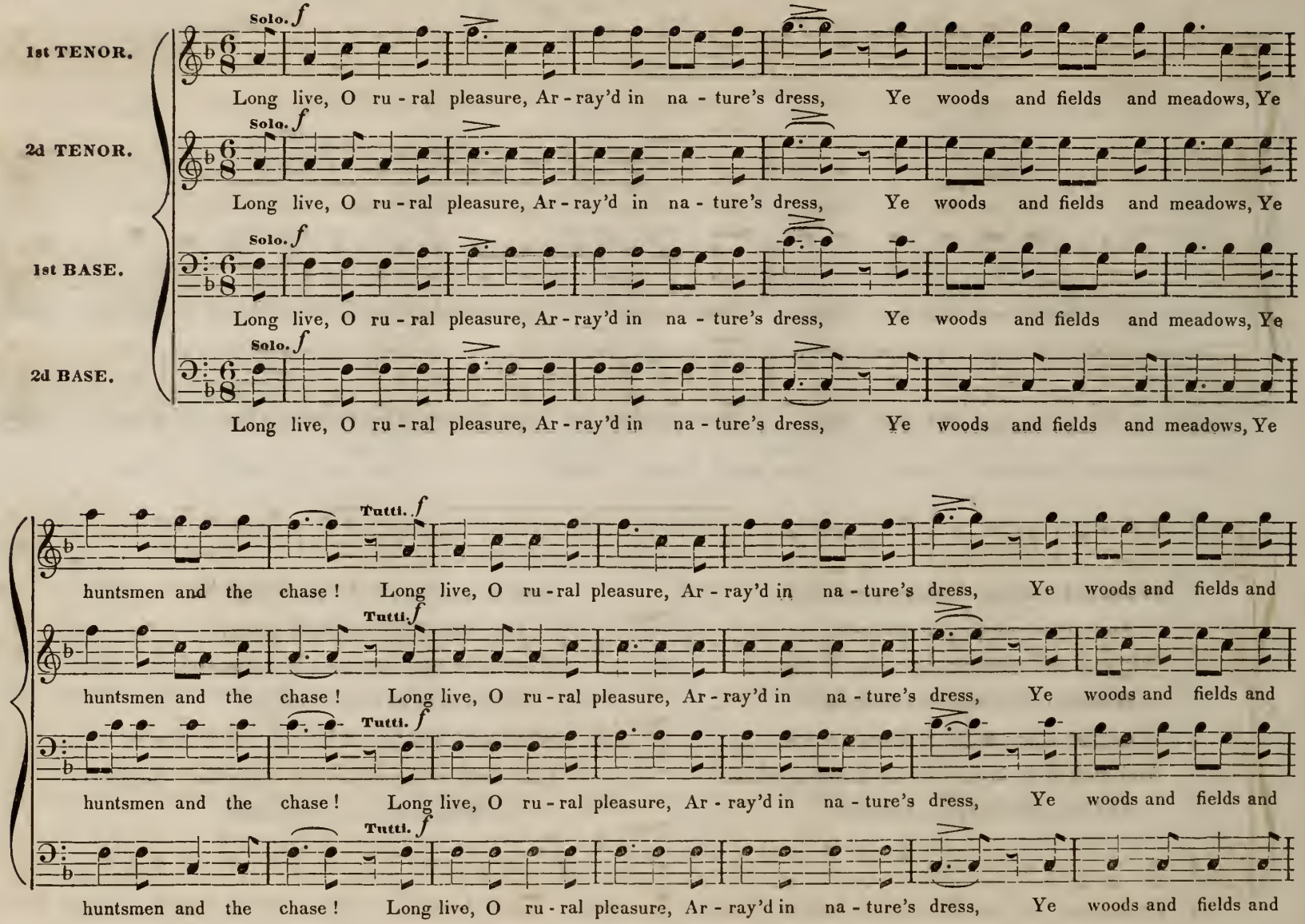
When fell despair o'erhangs our way,
And all is gloom and sadness,
Without one glimm'ring beam of day,
What lifts the heart to gladness?
'Tis thou alone that break'st the veil,
And mak'st us hope's sweet beamings hail,
And openest fadeless treasure.

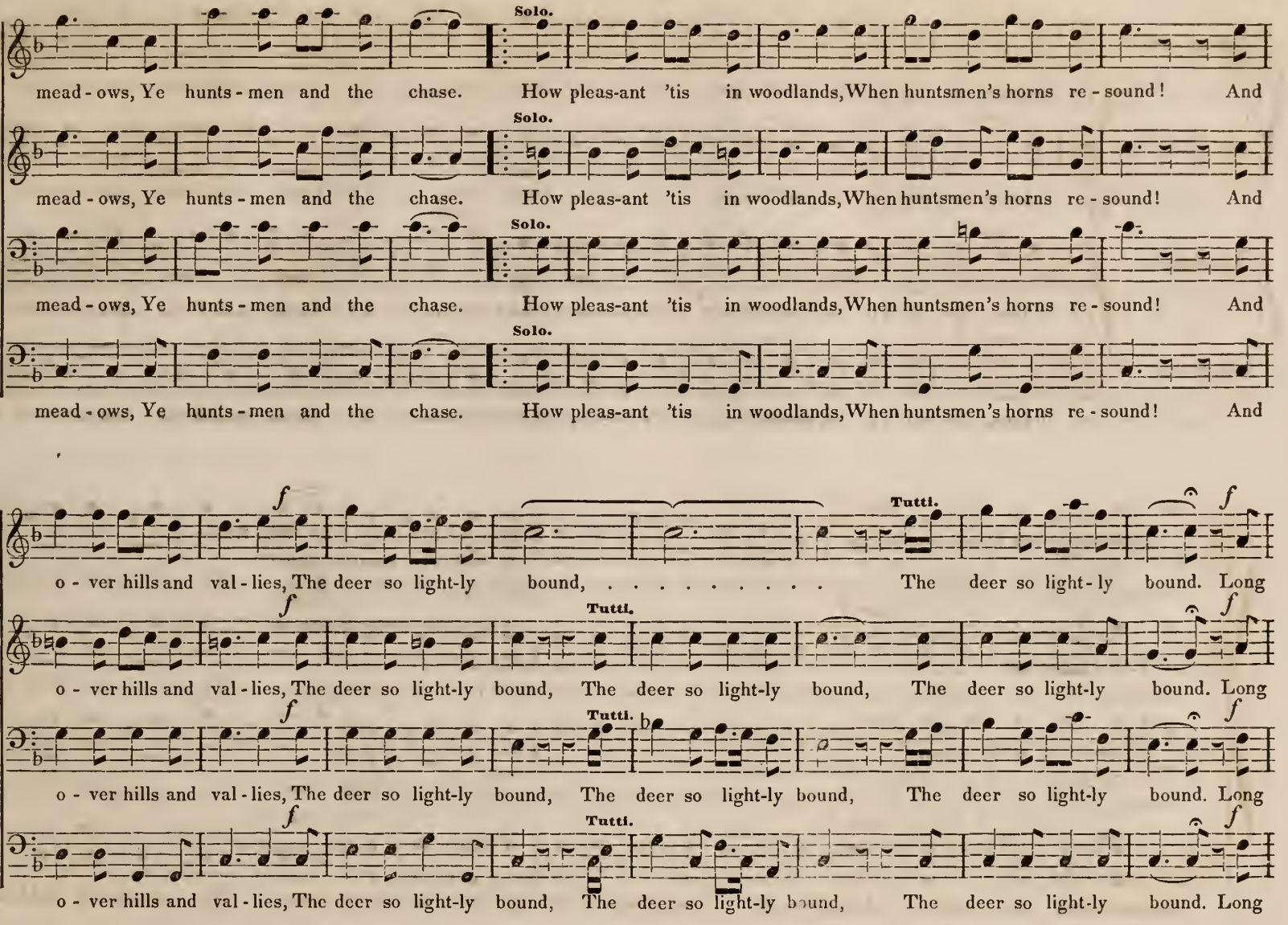
3

O sacred love, when God's high hand
The chain of time shall sever,
When sun and stars at his command
Shall cease to shine forever;
Still thou shalt live, like him whose throne
Has stood while countless years have flown,
And firm shall stand unceasing.

THE HUNTER'S PLEASURE.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.




Solo.
mead - ows, Ye hunts - men and the chase. How pleas-ant 'tis in woodlands, When huntsmen's horns re - sound! And
Solo.
mead - ows, Ye hunts - men and the chase. How pleas-ant 'tis in woodlands, When huntsmen's horns re - sound! And
Solo.
mead - ows, Ye hunts - men and the chase. How pleas-ant 'tis in woodlands, When huntsmen's horns re - sound! And
Solo.
mead - ows, Ye hunts - men and the chase. How pleas-ant 'tis in woodlands, When huntsmen's horns re - sound! And
f
Tutti.
o - ver hills and val - lies, The deer so light-ly bound, ... The deer so light - ly bound. Long
f
Tutti.
o - ver hills and val - lies, The deer so light-ly bound, The deer so light-ly bound, The deer so light-ly bound. Long
f
Tutti.
o - ver hills and val - lies, The deer so light-ly bound, The deer so light-ly bound, The deer so light-ly bound. Long
f
Tutti.
o - ver hills and val - lies, The deer so light-ly bound, The deer so light-ly bound, The deer so light-ly bound. Long

2

In woodlands I am sovereign,
Here lovely nature's God
Has spread a tent of freedom,
Replete with pleasures good.
Long live, &c.

3

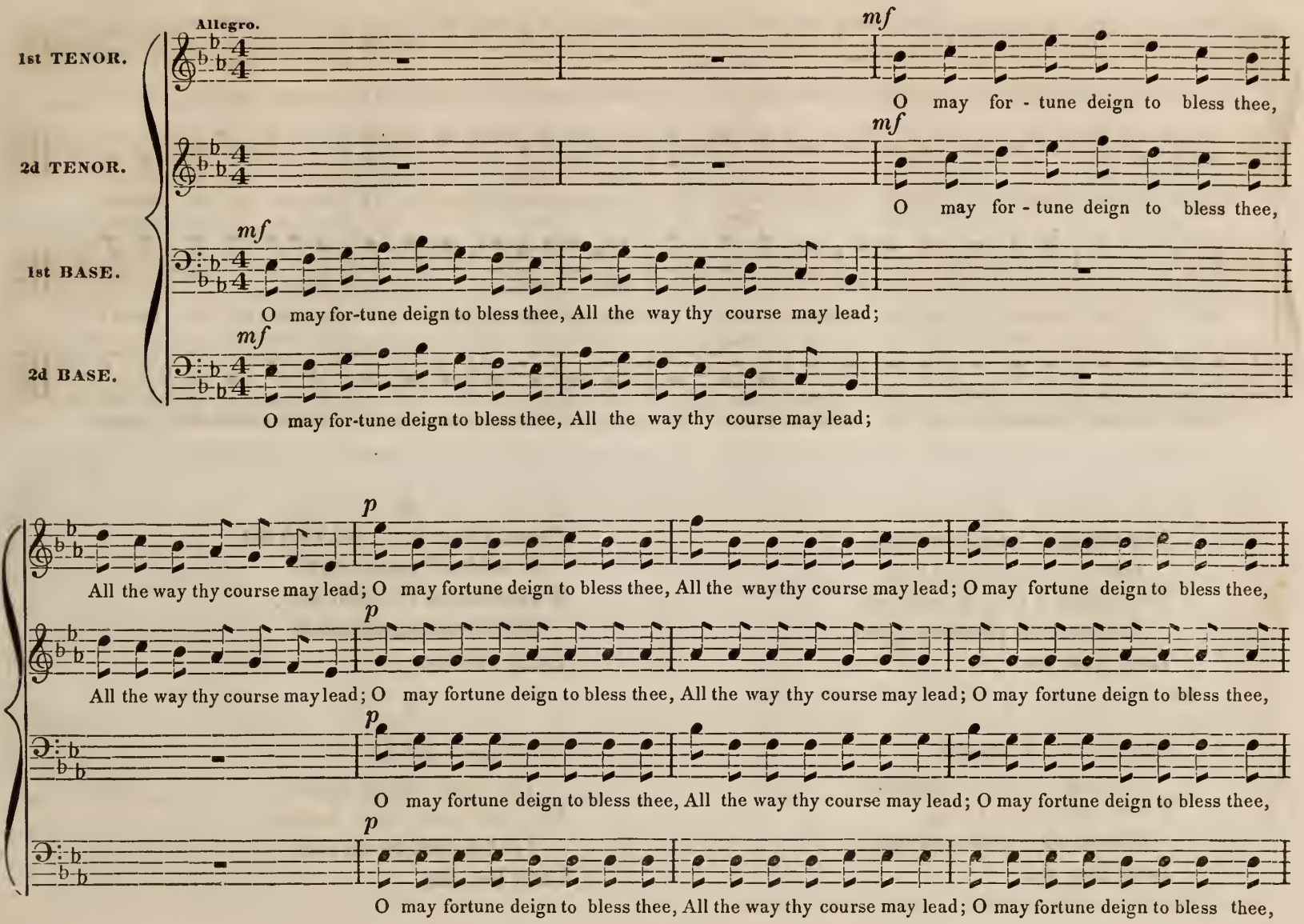
I'll ever be a huntsman
So long as pines are green,
I love to pass my being,
Where rural smiles are seen.
Long live, &c.

4

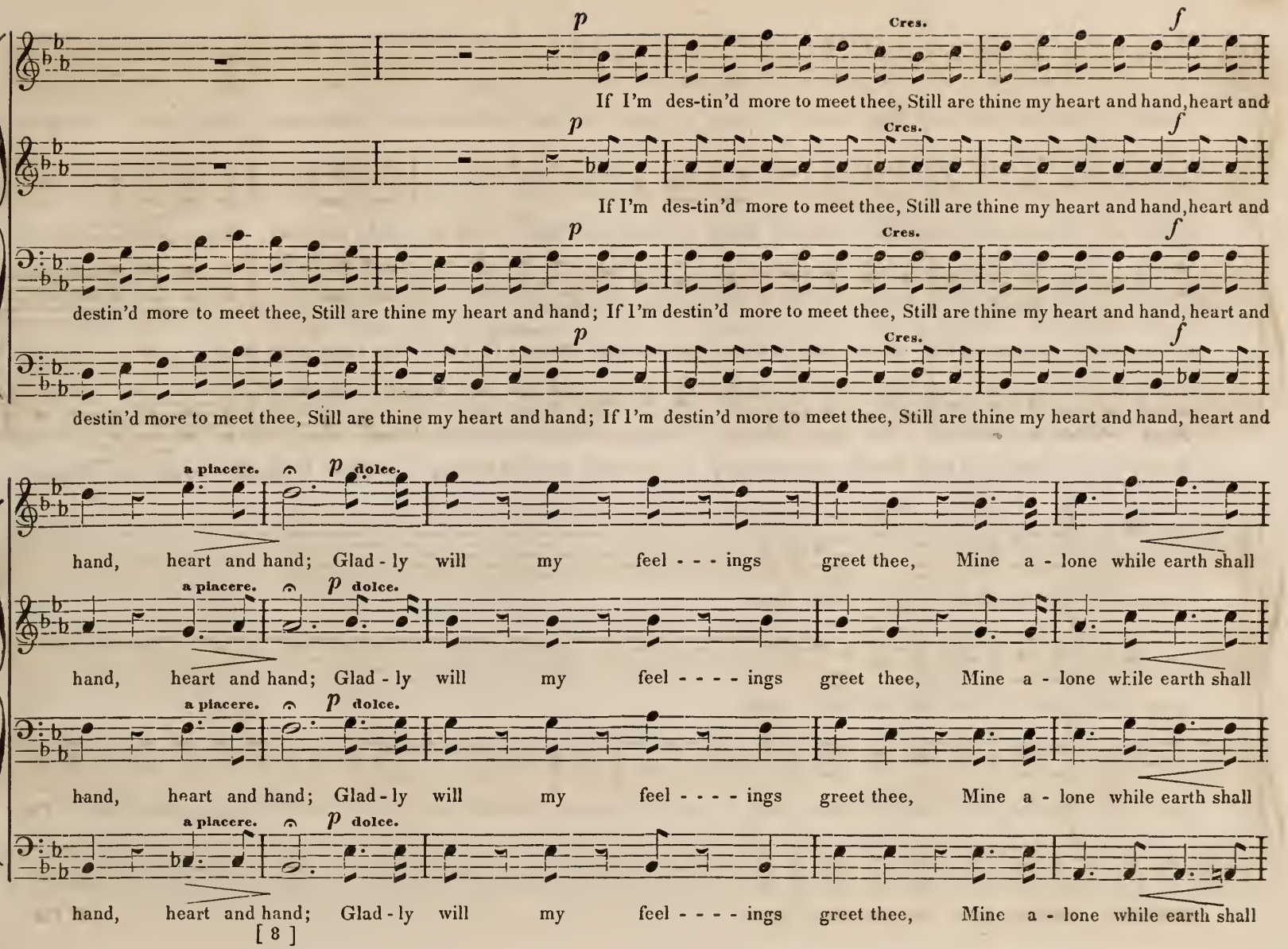
Come, O my love, and with me
In wilds of nature dwell,
A verdant cot I'll build thee,
Afar from tumult's swell.
Long live, &c.

5

Then never will I visit
The dingy village more,
But dwell with lovely nature,
Till life shall be no more.
Long live, &c.


Allegro.
1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
mf
O may for - tune deign to bless thee,
O may for - tune deign to bless thee,
O may for-tune deign to bless thee, All the way thy course may lead;
O may for-tune deign to bless thee, All the way thy course may lead;
p
All the way thy course may lead; O may fortune deign to bless thee, All the way thy course may lead; O may fortune deign to bless thee,
All the way thy course may lead; O may fortune deign to bless thee, All the way thy course may lead; O may fortune deign to bless thee,
O may fortune deign to bless thee, All the way thy course may lead; O may fortune deign to bless thee,
O may fortune deign to bless thee, All the way thy course may lead; O may fortune deign to bless thee,

All the way thy course may lead: May no grief or wrong op-press thee, May thy God thy wel - fare heed; May no grief or wrong op-
All the way thy course may lead; May no grief or wrong op-press thee, May thy God thy wel - fare heed: May no grief or wrong op-
All the way thy course may lead; May no grief or wrong op-press thee, May thy God thy wel - fare heed, May no grief or wrong op-
All the way thy course may lead; May no grief or wrong op-press thee, May thy God thy wel-fare heed; May no grief or wrong op-
press thee, may thy God thy wel - fare heed
press thee, may thy God thy wel - fare heed.
press thee, May thy God thy wel - fare heed. If I'm des-tin'd more to meet thee, still are thine my heart and hand; If I'm
press thee, May thy God thy wel - fare heed; If I'm

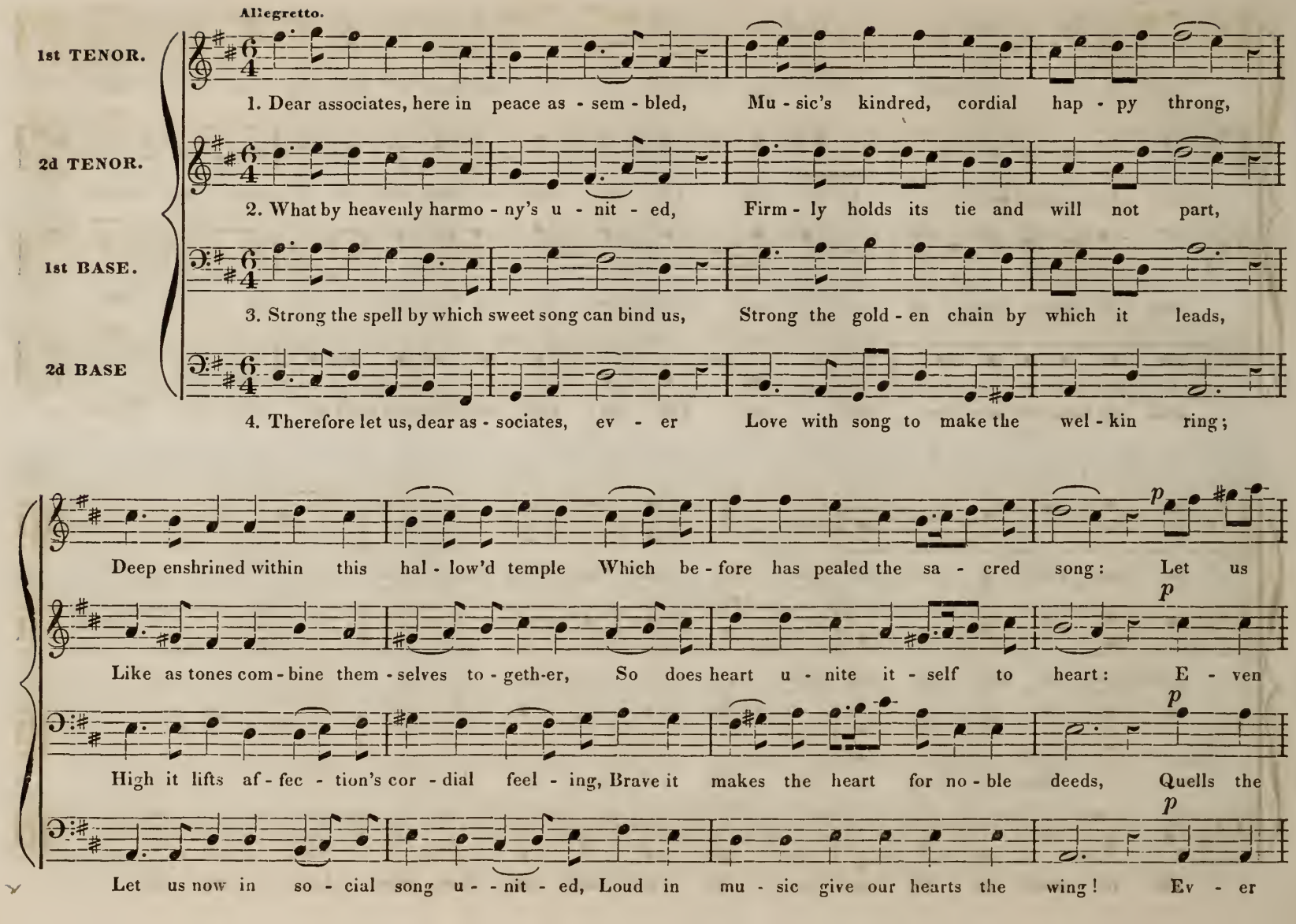

p
Cres.
f
If I'm des-tin'd more to meet thee, Still are thine my heart and hand, heart and
If I'm des-tin'd more to meet thee, Still are thine my heart and hand, heart and
destin'd more to meet thee, Still are thine my heart and hand; If I'm destin'd more to meet thee, Still are thine my heart and hand, heart and
destin'd more to meet thee, Still are thine my heart and hand; If I'm destin'd more to meet thee, Still are thine my heart and hand, heart and
a piacere.
p dolce.
hand, heart and hand; Glad - ly will my feel - - - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall
hand, heart and hand; Glad - ly will my feel - - - - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall
hand, heart and hand; Glad - ly will my feel - - - - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall
hand, heart and hand; Glad - ly will my feel - - - - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall

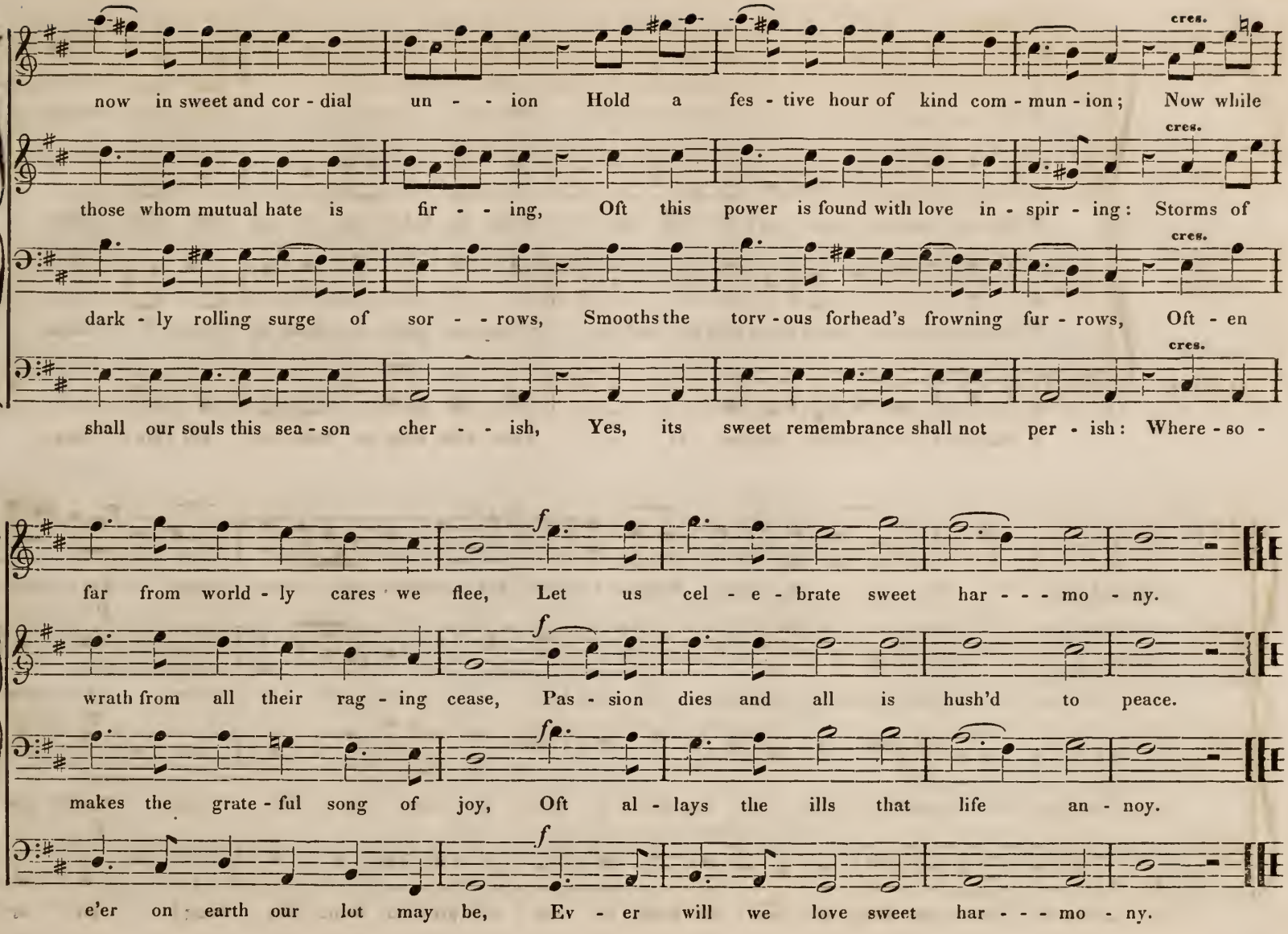
stand. Glad - ly will my feel - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall stand.
stand. Glad - ly will my feel - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall stand.
stand. Glad - ly will my feel - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall stand.
stand. Glad - ly will my feel - ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall stand. Glad-ly will my feel - ings
Glad-ly will my feel-ings greet thee, Mine alone while earth shall stand; Gladly will my feelings
Glad-ly will my feel-ings greet thee, Mine alone while earth shall stand; Gladly will my feelings
Glad-ly will my feel-ings greet thee, Mine alone while earth shall stand; Gladly will my feelings
Greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, while earth shall stand: Gladly will my feelings

greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Glad - ly will my feel-ings greet thee, Mine a - lone while earth shall
greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Glad - ly will my feel - ings greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall
greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Glad - ly will my feel - ings greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall
greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Glad - ly will my feel - ings greet thee, Mine a - - lone while earth shall
Cres.
f
stand, Mine a - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - lone while earth shall stand.
Cres.
f
stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand.
Cres.
f
stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand.
Cres.
f
stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand, Mine a - - lone while earth shall stand.

CELEBRATION OF SOCIAL SONG.

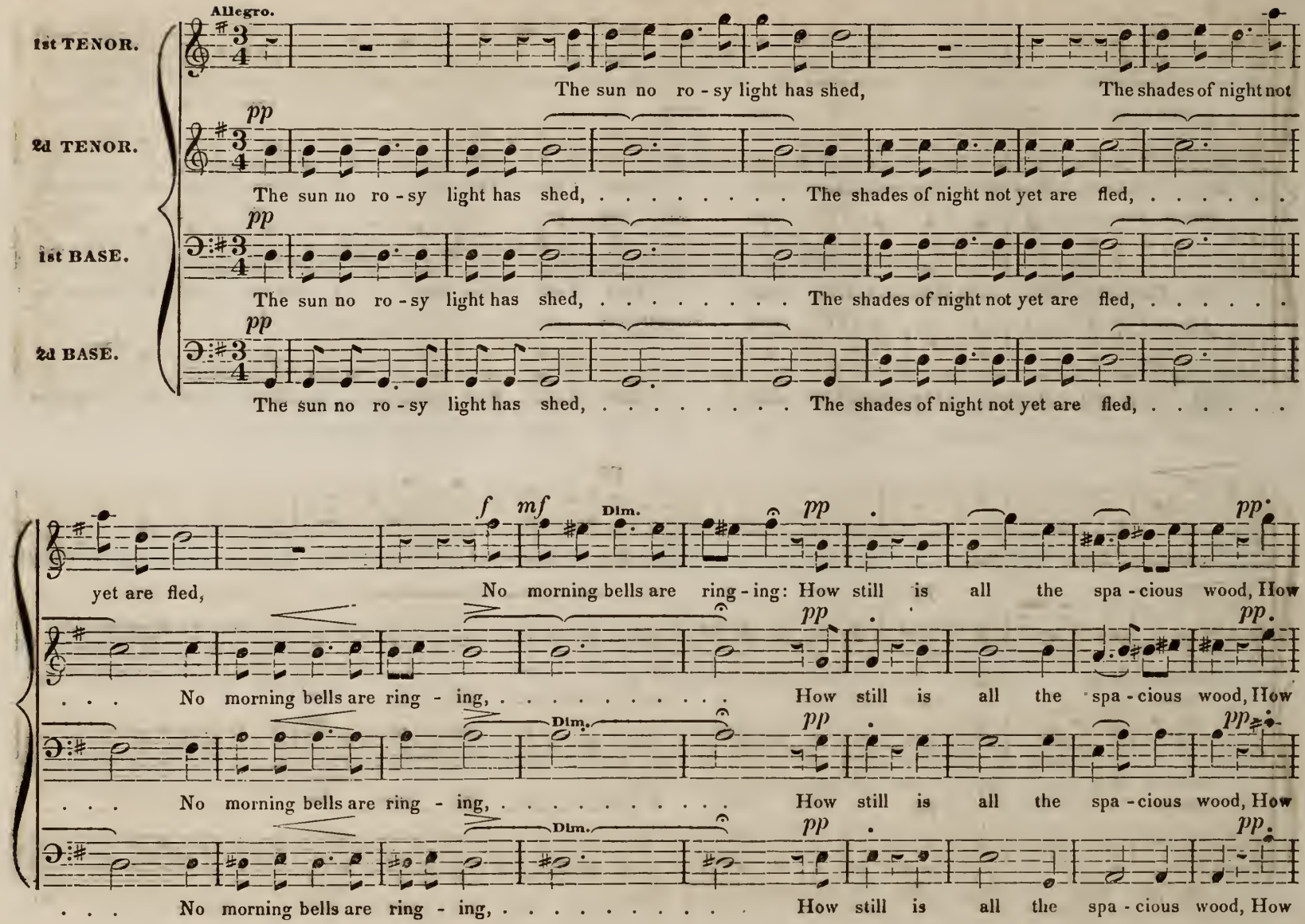
H. G. NAGELI.




cres.
now in sweet and cor - dial un - - - ion Hold a fes - tive hour of kind com - mun - ion; Now while
those whom mutual hate is fir - - - ing, Oft this power is found with love in - spir - ing: Storms of
dark - ly rolling surge of sor - - - rows, Smooths the torv - ous forhead's frowning fur - rows, Oft - en
shall our souls this sea - son cher - - - ish, Yes, its sweet remembrance shall not per - ish: Where - so -
f
far from world - ly cares we flee, Let us cel - e - brate sweet har - - - mo - ny.
wrath from all their rag - ing cease, Pas - sion dies and all is hush'd to peace.
makes the grate - ful song of joy, Oft al - lays the ills that life an - noy.
e'er on earth our lot may be, Ev - er will we love sweet har - - - mo - ny.

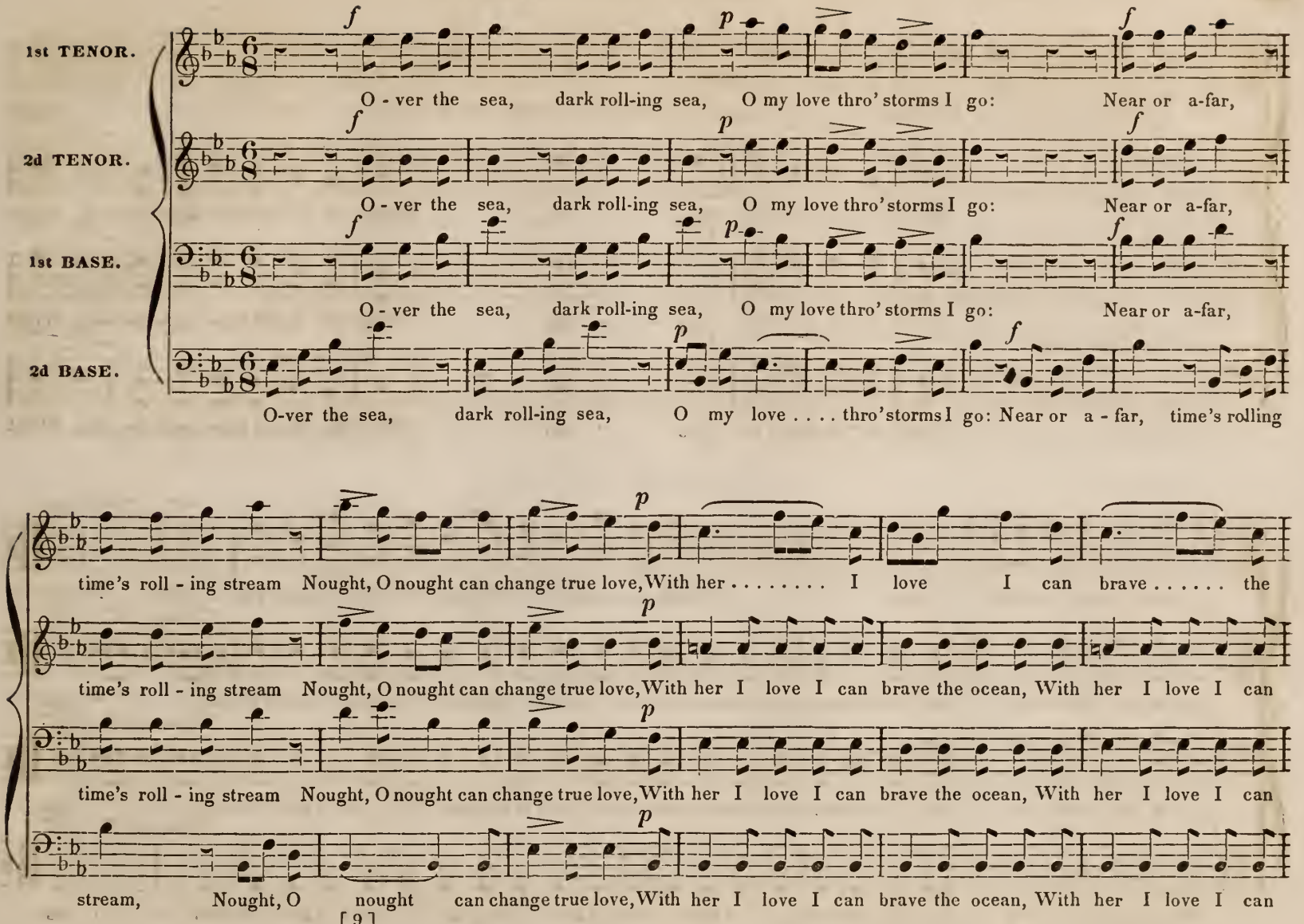
EARLY MORNING SONG.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.



pp
Sempre pp possible.
still, How still, How still, How still, How still is all the spacious wood, When sleeping birds in si-lence brood, No songs on
still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, No songs on
still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, No songs on
still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, How still, No songs on
sunlight fling - - - - ing, But I from sleep al - read-y long, While
p
Cres. poco a poco.
sunlight fling - - - - - ing, But I from sleep al-ready long, While all is still have made the song,
sunlight fling - - - - ing, But I from sleep al-ready long, While all is still have made the song,
sun-light fling - - - - ing, But I from sleep al-ready long, While all is still have made the song,

all is still have made the song, Which now in glee I'm sing-ing, While all is still have made the song, Which
Which now in glee I'm sing - - - - ing, While all is still have made the song, Which
Which now in glee I'm sing - - - ing, While all is still have made the song, Which
Which now in glee I'm sing - - - ing, While all is still have made the song, Which
now in glee I'm sing - - - ing, Which now in glee I'm singing, Which now in glee I'm sing - - - ing.
now in glee I'm sing - - ing, Which now in glee I'm singing, now in glee I'm singing, Which now in glee I'm sing - - - - ing.
now in glee I'm sing - - ing, Which now in glee I'm singing, now in glee I'm singing, Which now in glee I'm sing - - - - ing.
now in glee I'm sing - - ing, Which now in glee I'm singing, now in glee I'm singing, Which now in glee I'm sing - - - - ing.

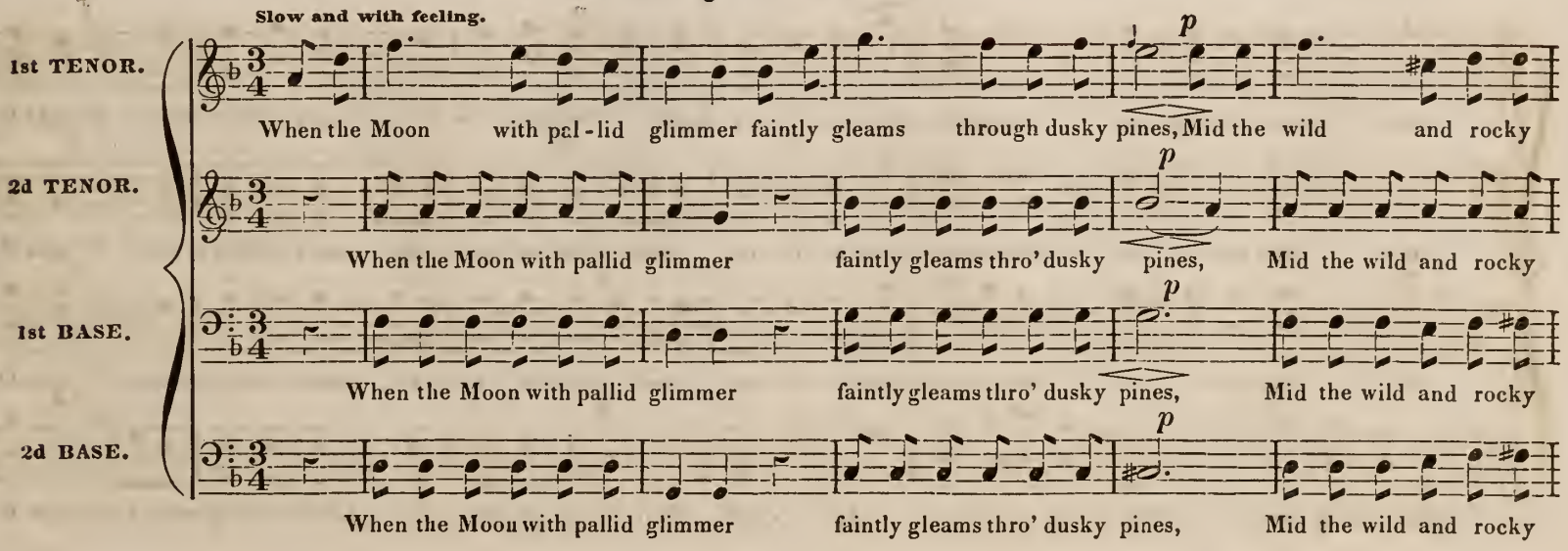

1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
O - ver the sea, dark roll-ing sea, O my love thro' storms I go: Near or a-far,
O - ver the sea, dark roll-ing sea, O my love thro' storms I go: Near or a-far,
O - ver the sea, dark roll-ing sea, O my love thro' storms I go: Near or a-far,
O-ver the sea, dark roll-ing sea, O my love . . . . thro' storms I go: Near or a - far, time's rolling
time's roll - ing stream Nought, O nought can change true love, With her . . . . . I love I can brave . . . . . the
time's roll - ing stream Nought, O nought can change true love, With her I love I can brave the ocean, With her I love I can
time's roll - ing stream Nought, O nought can change true love, With her I love I can brave the ocean, With her I love I can
stream, Nought, O nought can change true love, With her I love I can brave the ocean, With her I love I can

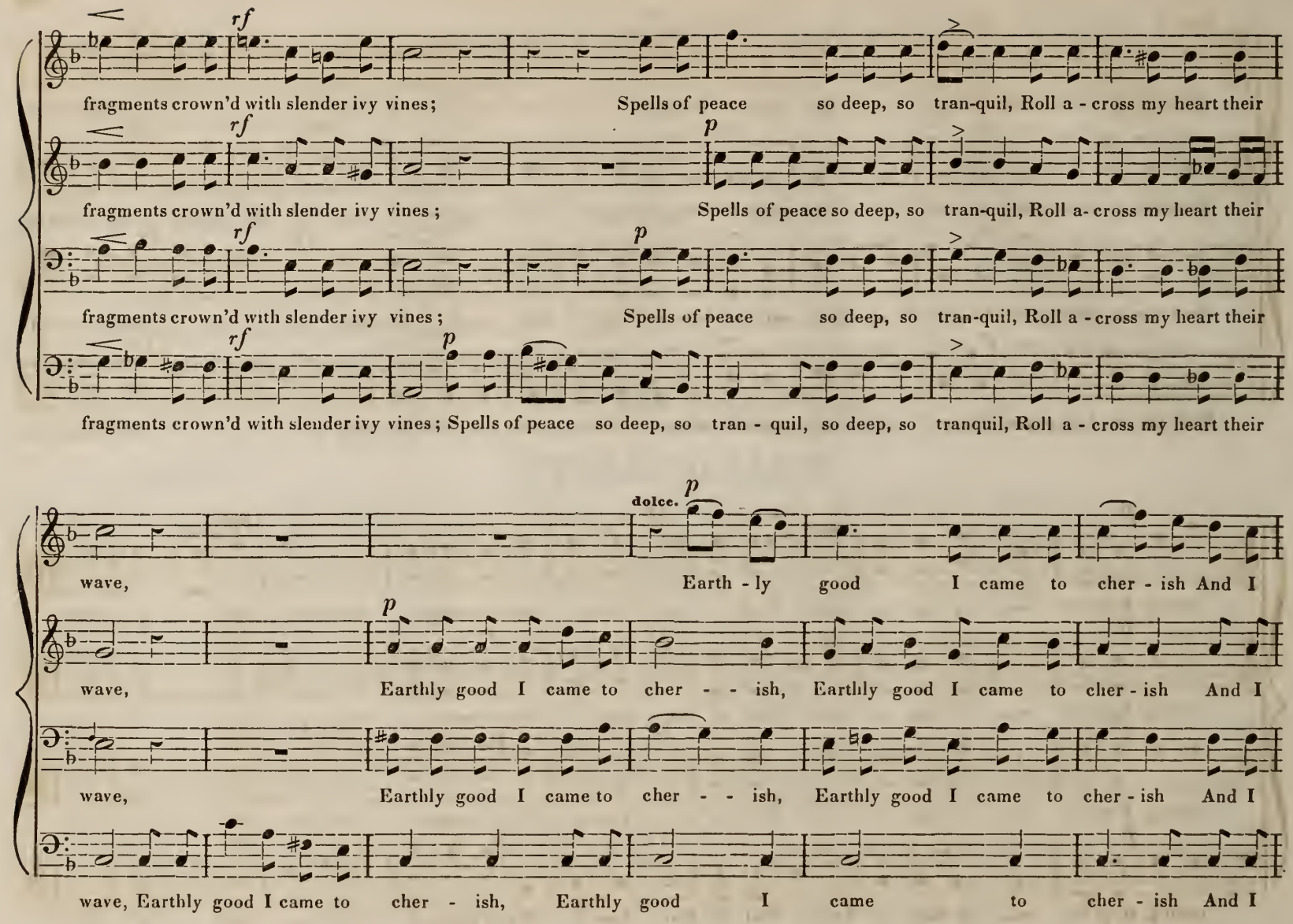
cres.
f
ff
o - cean, And plea-sure en - joy mid fate's vast com - mo - tion; Then o - ver the
brave the o-cean, And plea-sure en - - joy mid fate's vast com - mo-tion; Then o - ver the
brave the o-cean, And plea-sure en - - joy mid fate's vast com - mo-tion; Then o - ver the
brave the o-cean, And plea-sure en - joy mid fate's vast com - mo-tion; Then o - ver the sea,
p
sea, dark roll-ing sea, Where the storms in fu - ry swell Near or a - far, time's roll-ing stream Naught O
sea, dark roll-ing sea, Where the storms in fu - ry swell Near or a - far, time's roll-ing stream Naught O
sea, dark roll-ing sea, Where the storms in fu - ry swell near or a - far, time's roll-ing stream Naught O
dark rolling sea, Where the storms in fu - - ry swell near or a - far time's roll-ing stream Naught O

Sons of the free love the dark sea,
Land is his who loves the chain,
Here I'm a slave—but in the deep
Love and prudence freely breathe ;
No eye of ill and no foe there finds us,
No narrow domain of country there binds us!
Then over the sea, dark rolling sea,
O my love through storms I go
Near or afar,—times rolling stream,
Naught, O naught can change true love.

TRANQUILLITY.

C. E. PAX.



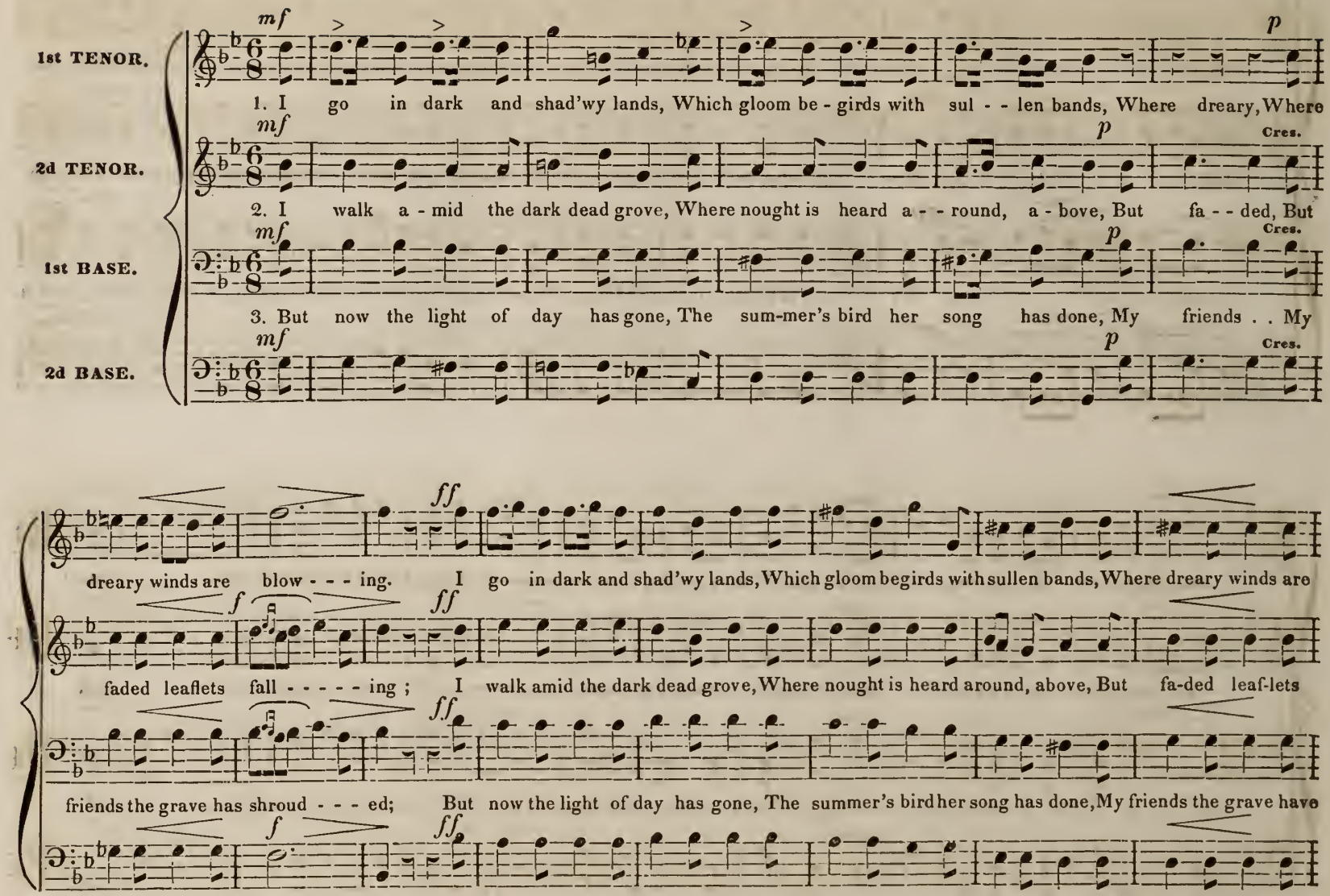

rf
fragments crown'd with slender ivy vines; Spells of peace so deep, so tran-quil, Roll a - cross my heart their
rf
p
fragments crown'd with slender ivy vines; Spells of peace so deep, so tran-quil, Roll a- cross my heart their
rf
p
fragments crown'd with slender ivy vines; Spells of peace so deep, so tran-quil, Roll a - cross my heart their
rf
p
fragments crown'd with slender ivy vines; Spells of peace so deep, so tran - quil, so deep, so tranquil, Roll a - cross my heart their
dolce.
p
wave, Earth - ly good I came to cher - ish And I
p
wave, Earthly good I came to cher - - ish, Earthly good I came to cher - ish And I
wave, Earthly good I came to cher - - ish, Earthly good I came to cher - ish And I
wave, Earthly good I came to cher - ish, Earthly good I came to cher - ish And I

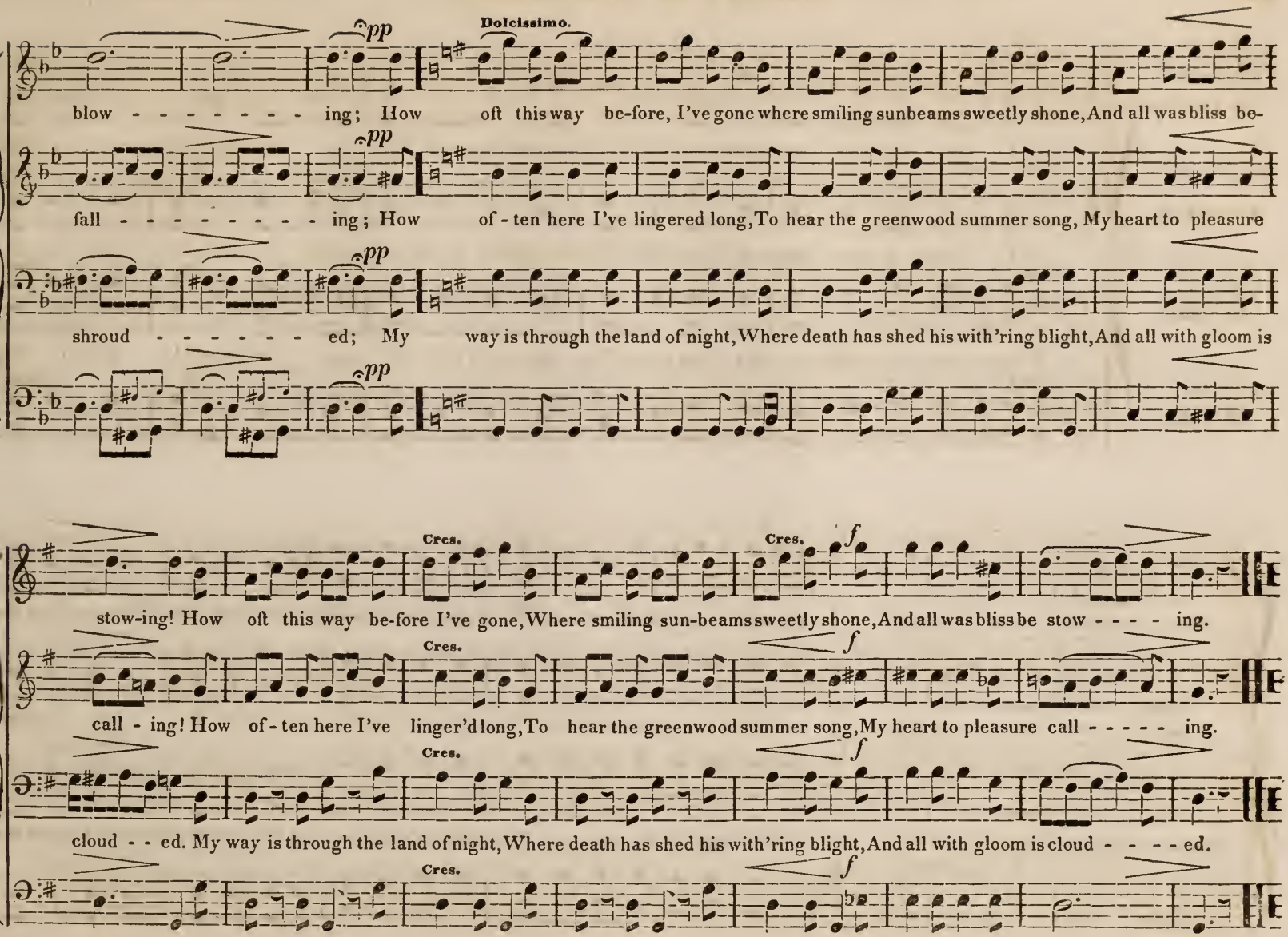
dim.
p
fz
pp
Seek the si - lent grave, Every ob - ject seems to whisper, 'God is love! yes, God is love!' the hallowed
Seek the si - lent grave, Every ob - ject seems to whisper, 'God is love! yes, God is love!' O the sweet, the hallowed
Seek the si - lent grave, Every ob - ject seems to whisper, 'God is love! yes, God is love!' the hallowed
Seek the si - lent grave, Every ob - ject seems to whisper, 'God is love! yes, God is love!' the hallowed

p
fz
pp
resting, Kept for wea - ry man a - bove! God is love! Eve-ry ob-ject seems to whis - per God is love!
resting, Kept for wea - ry man a - bove! God is love; Eve-ry ob-ject seems to whis - per God is love!
resting, Kept for wea - ry man a - bove! God is love; Eve-ry ob ject seems to whis - per God is love!
resting, Kept for wea - ry man a - bove! God is love; Eve-ry ob-ject seems to whis - per God is love!

NIGHT'S JOURNEY.

C. KREUTZER.




pp
Dolcissimo.
blow - - - - - - - - ing; How oft this way be-fore, I've gone where smiling sunbeams sweetly shone, And all was bliss be-
fall - - - - - - - - - ing; How of - ten here I've lingered long, To hear the greenwood summer song, My heart to pleasure
shroud - - - - - - - ed; My way is through the land of night, Where death has shed his with'ring blight, And all with gloom is
Cres.
f
stow-ing! How oft this way be-fore I've gone, Where smiling sun-beams sweetly shone, And all was bliss be stow - - - - ing.
call - ing! How of - ten here I've linger'd long, To hear the greenwood summer song, My heart to pleasure call - - - - - ing.
cloud - - ed. My way is through the land of night, Where death has shed his with'ring blight, And all with gloom is cloud - - - - ed.

THE HERDSMAN'S WEALTH.

X. SCHNEIDER von WARTERSEE.

2

But ours is a wealth that all others surpasses,
A wealth that no sovereign or miser amasses;
Our riches, though such as by nature are made,
The splendor of princes cast far in the shade,

3

The king who with wealth and with power is surrounded
Still lives in a palace by human hands founded,
But ours is the palace of nature's great King,
Where glory is endless and fresh as the spring.

4

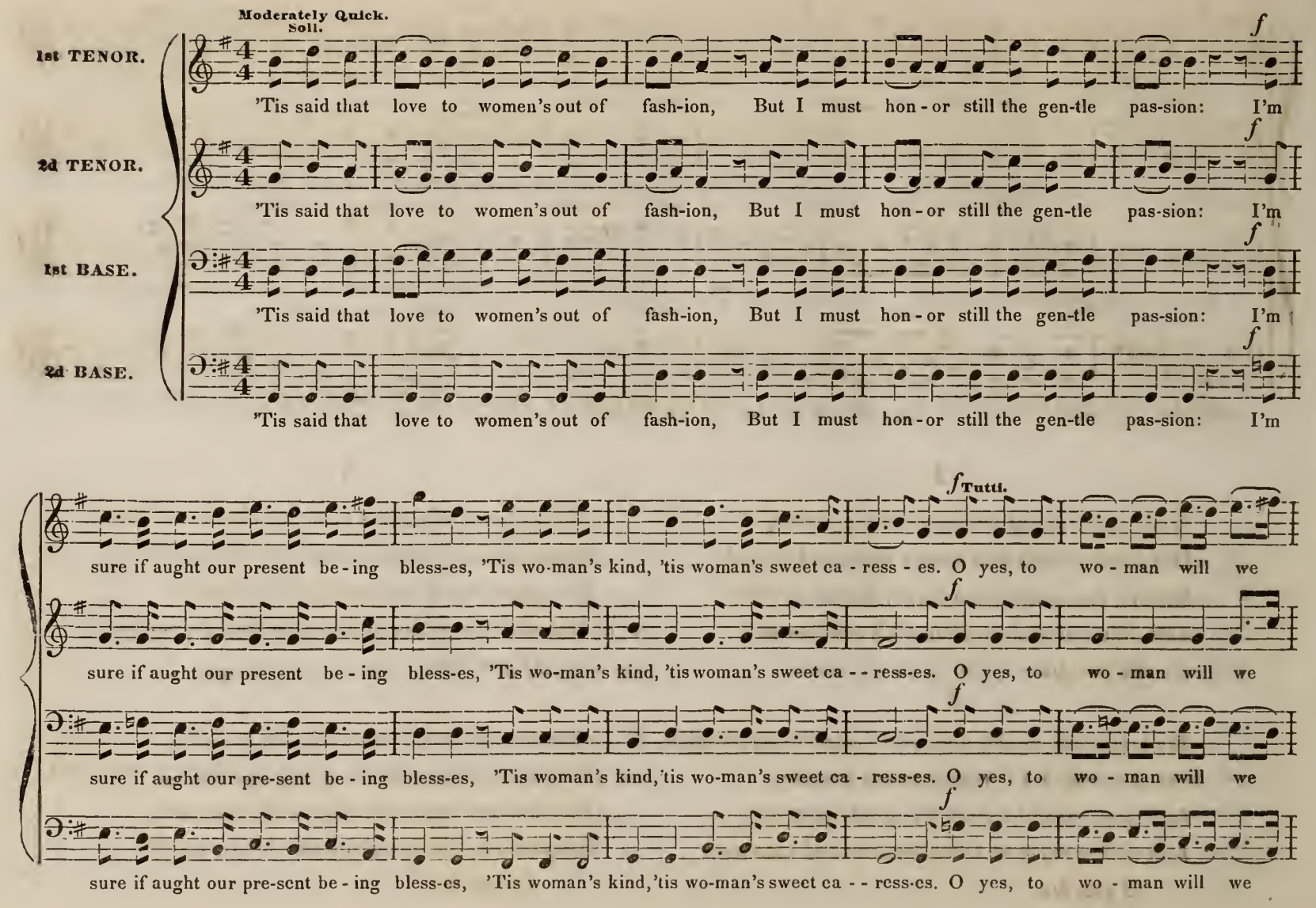
The miser's strong av'rice would never be sated
Though owner of all that the Lord has created,
While we with our flocks under skies that are bright
Are wanting in nothing that proffers delight.

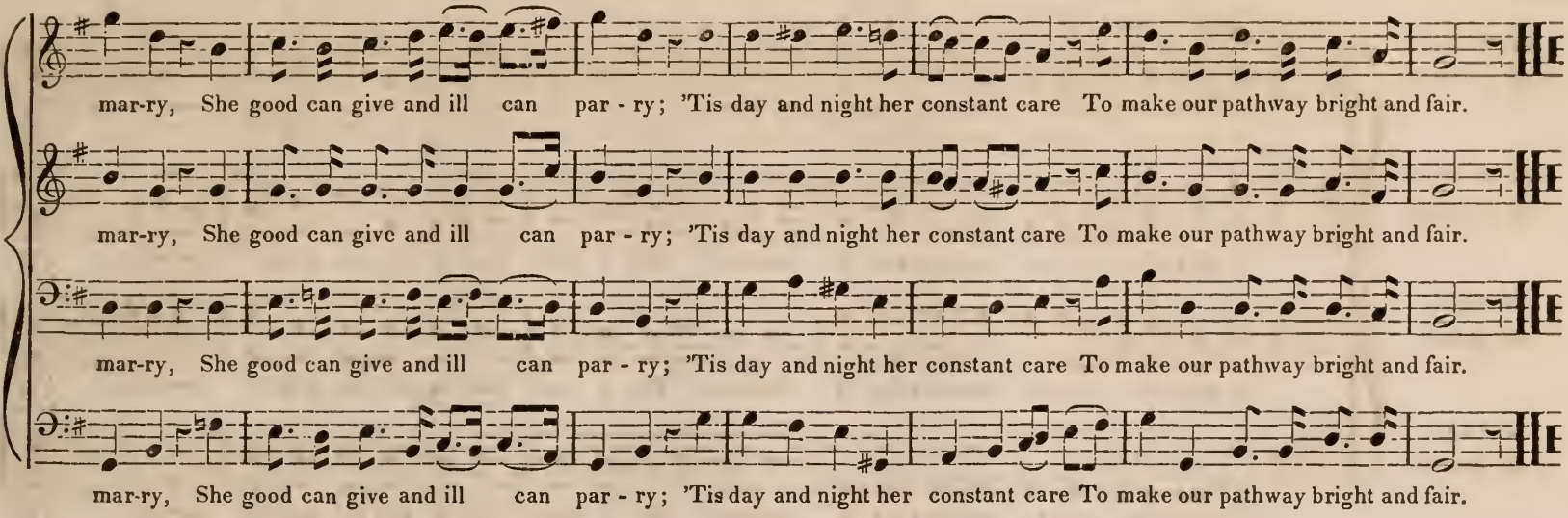
5

The hoarded possessions of av'rice shall perish,
But not so the treasures that *our* feelings cherish,
Though silent our path way and humble our cot,
The Being that made us shall smile on our lot.

PRAISE OF WOMAN.

X. SCHNEIDER von WARTENSEE.





2

When daily toil at evening hour is ended,
Her kindly deeds and kindly feelings blended,
Relieve the weight that on my bosom presses,
And make me value woman's kind caresses.
O yes, &c.

3

My house she makes a scene of peace and pleasure,
Enhances by her frugal care my treasure;
And deep regard for all my good expresses,
And wakes my love for woman's kind caresses.
O yes, &c.

4

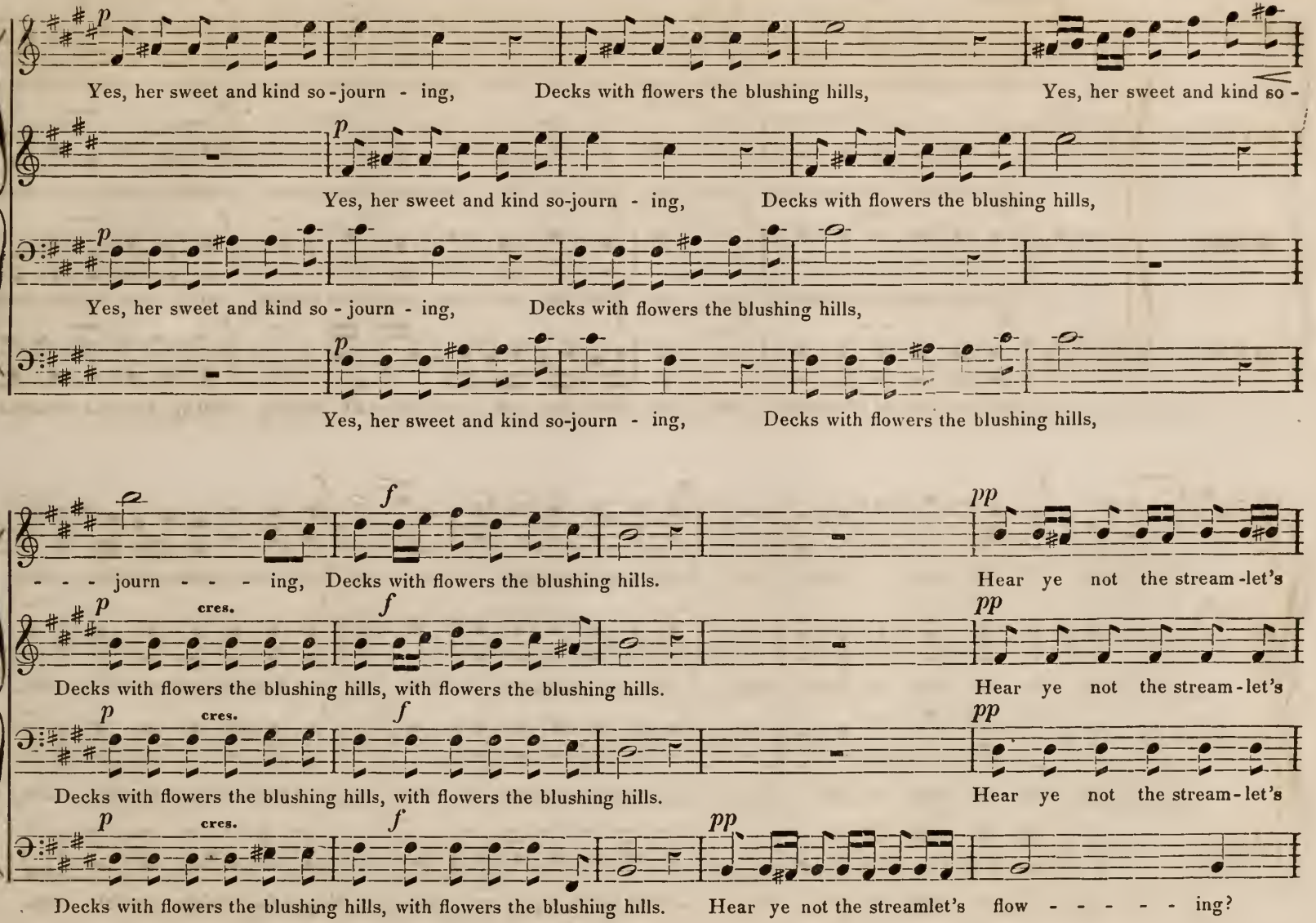
When clouds of sorrow o'er my life are low'ring;
When adverse fortune seems my all devouring,
She promptly all my rising grief represses,
And shows how good are woman's kind caresses.
O yes, &c.

5

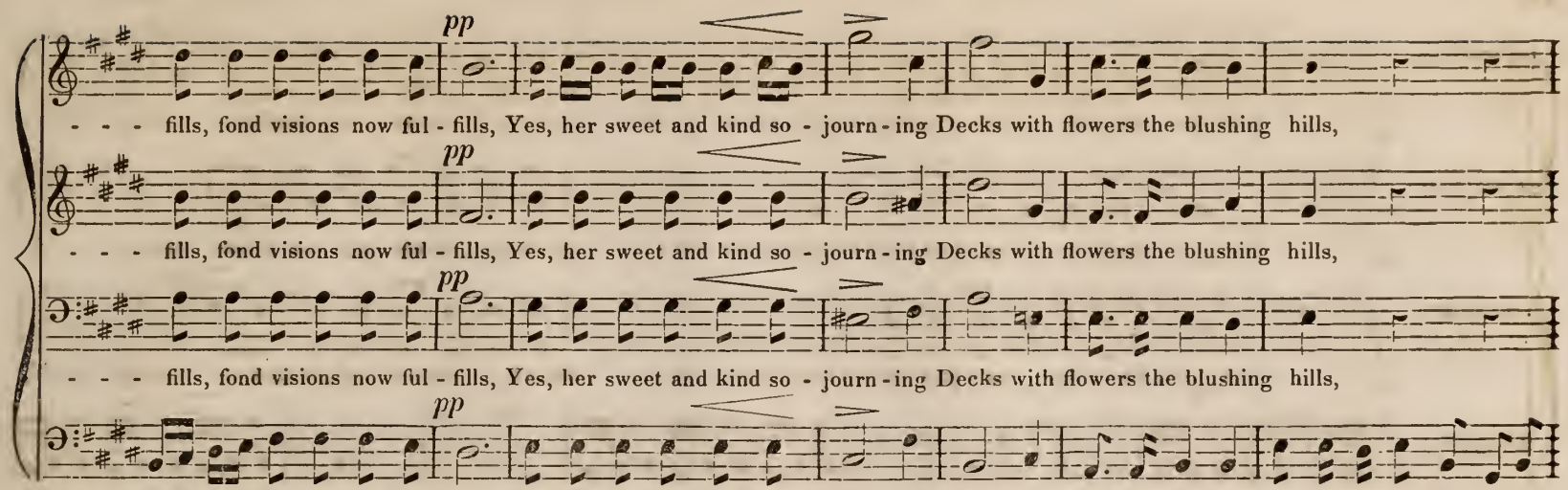
Her patient care towards all the wants of childhood,
Her love, which, like the green of Winter's wildwood,
Her fadeless smile on all my life impresses,
Bespeaks a worth in woman's kind caresses.
O yes, &c.

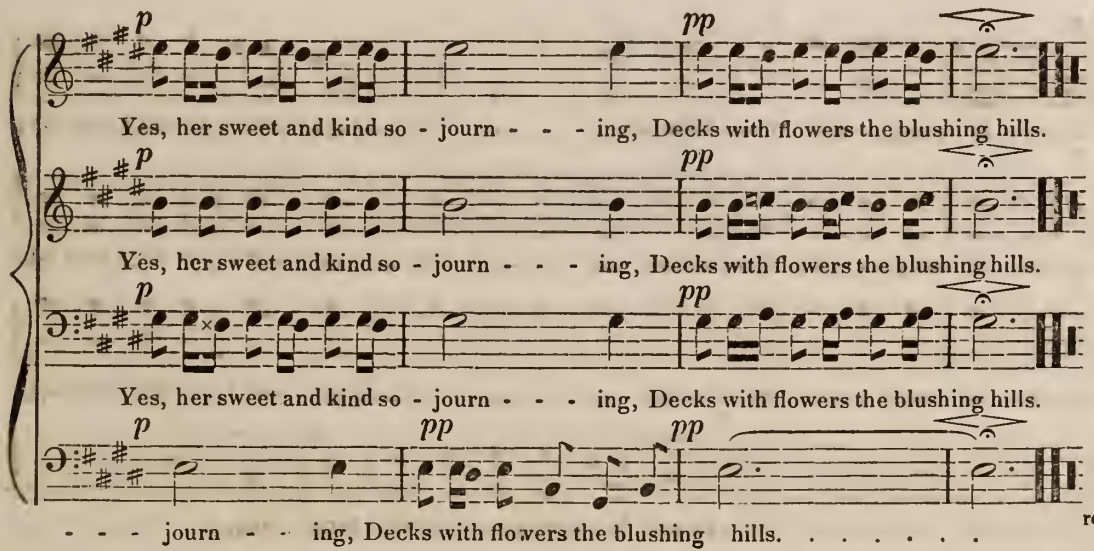
THE FAITH OF SPRING.

C. KREUTZER.


p
Yes, her sweet and kind so - journ - ing, Decks with flowers the blushing hills, Yes, her sweet and kind so -
p
Yes, her sweet and kind so-journ - ing, Decks with flowers the blushing hills,
p
Yes, her sweet and kind so - journ - ing, Decks with flowers the blushing hills,
p
Yes, her sweet and kind so-journ - ing, Decks with flowers the blushing hills,
f
- - - journ - - - ing, Decks with flowers the blushing hills.
pp
Hear ye not the stream-let's
p cres. f
Decks with flowers the blushing hills, with flowers the blushing hills.
pp
Hear ye not the stream-let's
p cres. f
Decks with flowers the blushing hills, with flowers the blushing hills.
pp
Hear ye not the stream-let's
p cres. f
Decks with flowers the blushing hills, with flowers the blushing hills.
pp
Hear ye not the streamlet's flow - - - - - ing?

cres.
flow - - - - ing? Heed ye not the gen-tle breeze, Soft-ly o'er the meadows blow - - ing,
flow - - - - ing? Heed ye not the gen-tle breeze, Soft-ly o'er the meadows blow - - ing,
flow - - - - ing? Heed ye not the gen-tle breeze, Soft-ly o'er the meadows blow - - ing,
Heed ye not the gen-tle breeze, Soft-ly o'er the meadows blow - - - ing, Mid the hum of live-ly
f
p
Mid the hum of live-ly bees? Love - ly spring a-gain re - - turn-ing, Hope's fond vis-ion's now ful -
Mid the hum of live-ly bees? Love - ly spring a-gain re - - turn - - - - - ing, Hope's fond vis-ion's now ful -
Mid the hum of live-ly bees? Love - ly spring a-gain re - - turn - - - - - ing, Hope's fond vis-ion's now ful -
bees, the hum of live-ly bees? Love - ly spring a-gain re - turn - - ing,





2

Hail, thou time of life's restoring!
Hail, thou time of waking joy!
Drear though Winter's winds were roaring,
Fraught *with chills which plants destroy:*
Yet a germ mid death remaining
Lives *again in coming Spring,*
All its wonted bloom regaining,
Cursed *no more with ruin's sting.*

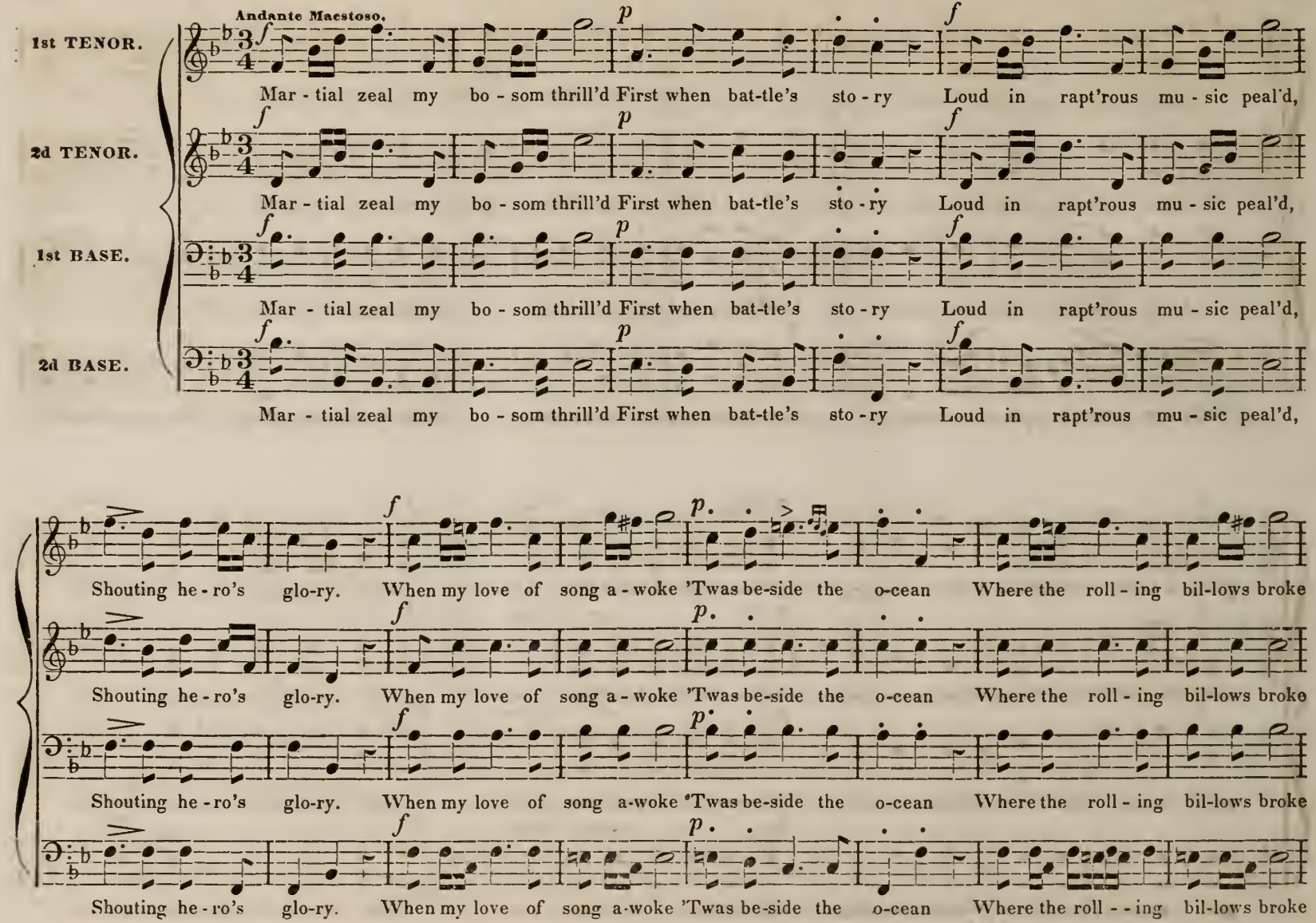
3

O thou type of man's condition!
Thee our spirits gladly hail;
All our hopes shall find fruition,
Though *the grave our life assail:*
Spring shall rise o'er ruin'd nature,
God *shall wake to life the dead;*
Endless bloom on every creature
Still *shall smile when time has fled.*

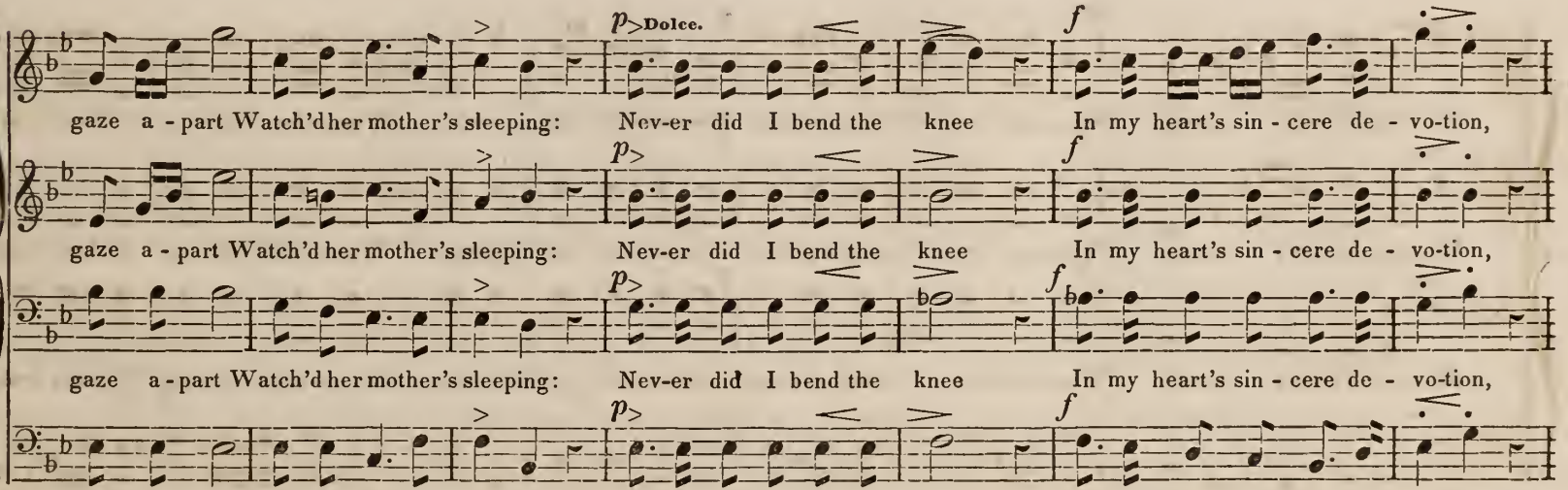
NOTE. The words in Italics, are in some of the parts repeated.

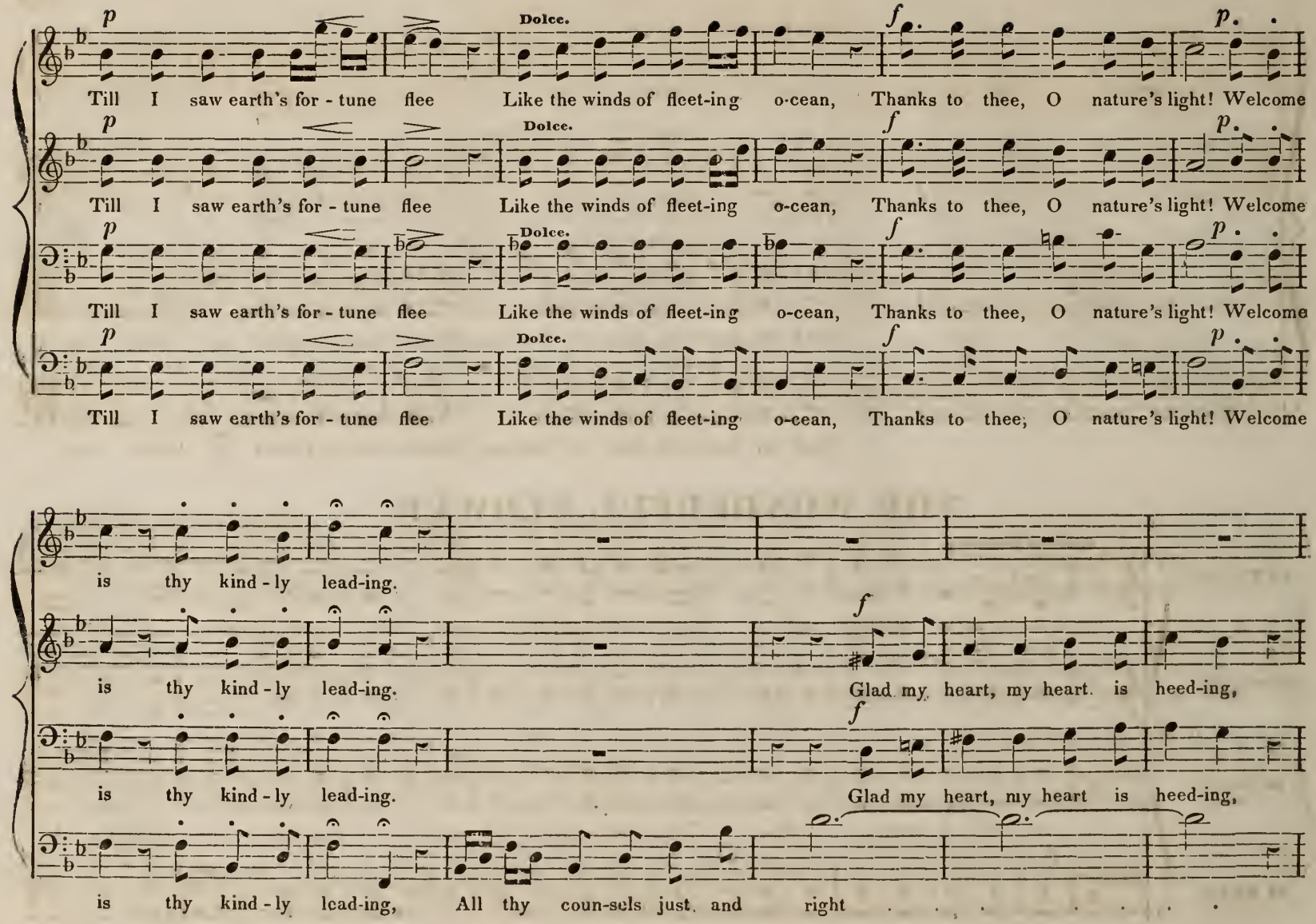
NATURAL SENTIMENTS.

C. KREUTZER.



Midst the storm's com - mo - tion, Love and pi - ty touch'd my heart At the or-phan's weeping, Who from earthly
Midst the storm's com - mo - tion, Love and pi - ty touch'd my heart At the or-phan's weeping, Who from earthly
Midst the storm's com - mo - tion, Love and pi-ty touch'd my heart At the orphan's weeping, Who from earthly
Midst the storm's com - mo - tion, Love and pi-ty touch'd my heart At the orphan's weeping, Who from earthly


Dolce.
gaze a - part Watch'd her mother's sleeping: Nev-er did I bend the knee In my heart's sin - cere de - vo-tion,
gaze a - part Watch'd her mother's sleeping: Nev-er did I bend the knee In my heart's sin - cere de - vo-tion,
gaze a - part Watch'd her mother's sleeping: Nev-er did I bend the knee In my heart's sin - cere de - vo-tion,
gaze a - part Watch'd her mother's sleeping: Nev-er did I bend the knee In my heart's sin - cere de - vo-tion,


p
Dolce.
f
p.
Till I saw earth's for - tune flee Like the winds of fleet-ing o-cean, Thanks to thee, O nature's light! Welcome
Till I saw earth's for - tune flee Like the winds of fleet-ing o-cean, Thanks to thee, O nature's light! Welcome
Till I saw earth's for - tune flee Like the winds of fleet-ing o-cean, Thanks to thee, O nature's light! Welcome
Till I saw earth's for - tune flee Like the winds of fleet-ing o-cean, Thanks to thee, O nature's light! Welcome
is thy kind - ly lead-ing.
is thy kind - ly lead-ing. Glad my heart, my heart is heed-ing,
is thy kind - ly lead-ing. Glad my heart, my heart is heed-ing,
is thy kind - ly lead-ing, All thy coun-sels just and right

All thy coun-sels just and right . . . . . Glad my heart, my heart is heed - - ing.

Glad my heart, my heart is heeding, Glad my heart, my heart is heed - ing.

Cres.

Glad my heart, my heart is heeding, Glad my heart, my heart is heed - - ing.

Cres.

Glad my heart, my heart is heeding, Glad my heart, my heart is heed - - ing.

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.

Andante Moderato.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

1st BASE.

2d BASE.

1. I've heard of fa-bled ro - ses, Which wondrous things achieve, Which strangely nev-er blos - som, Ex -

2. A rose of great-er vi - tue, Has fortune giv'n to me— A rose that ev - er blos-soms, A

cept on Christ-mas eve, Ex - cept on Christ-mas eve. 'Tis said that he who kiss - es This flow'r with heart sin -
rose from fa - ding free, A rose from fa - ding free. And if with cor-dial feel - ing this rose I ev - er
cere, Pro-cures a blest ex - emption From sorrow, grief, and care . . . . From sor - row, grief, and care.
Cres.
kiss, It quells my ev' - ry sor - row, And gives me heavenly bliss . . . . And gives me heavenly bliss.

Allegretto grazioso.
1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
Hon - or to wo-man we e - ver should render, E-ver should glo-ry to be her de - fend-er: Birth is the
treas ure she sheds on our life; Love-ly the pow'r that a-round her is steal-ing Man to im-bue with that sweet hallow'd feeling,
treas-ure she sheds on our life; Love-ly the pow'r that a-round her is stealing Man to im-bue with that sweet hallow'd feeling,
treas ure, she sheds on our life; Love-ly the pow'r that a-round her is stealing Man to imbue with that sweet hallow'd feeling,
treas-ure, she sheds on our life; Love ly the pow'r that a-round her is stealing Man to imbue with that sweet hallow'd feeling,

All'o alla marzia sforzato e vigoroso.

Fraught with af - fec-tion and for - - eign from strife Man, a prey to bold am - bi - tion, Fiercely hies a - long his

Fraught with af - fec-tion and for - - eign from strife. Man, a prey to bold am - bi - tion, Fiercely hies a - long his

Fraught with af - fec-tion, and for - - eign from strife. Man, a prey to bold am - bi - tion, Fiercely hies a - long his

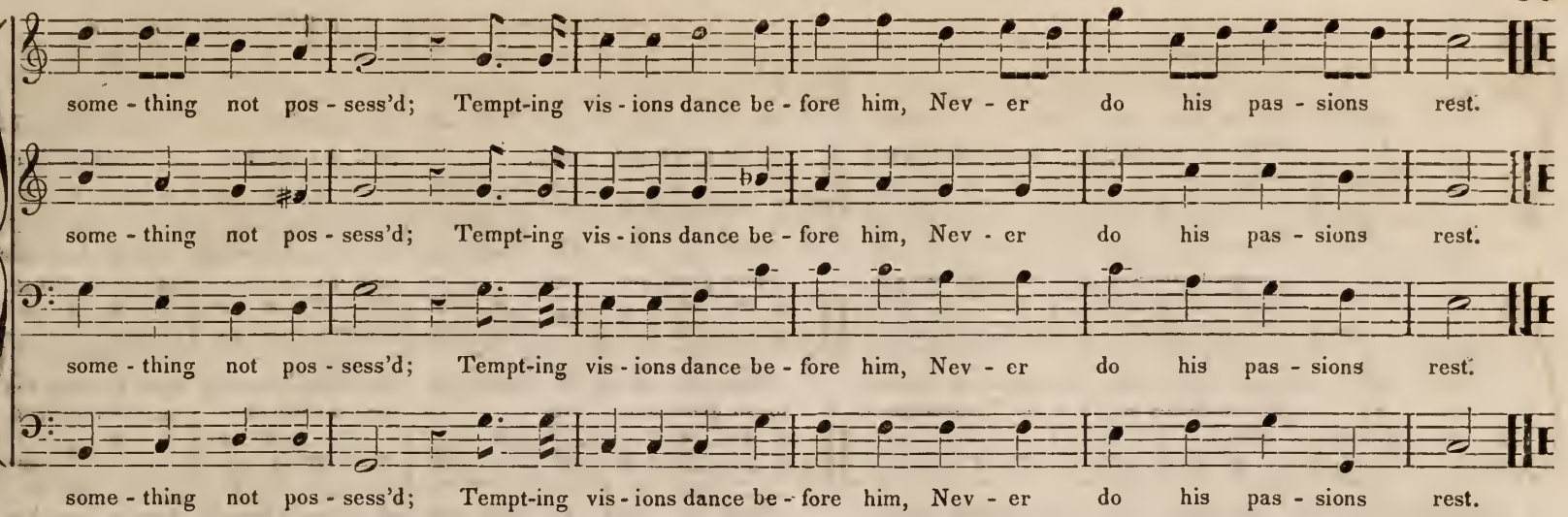
Fraught with af - fec - tion and for - - eign from strife. Man, a prey to bold am - bi - tion, Fiercely hies a - long his

way, Rest less as the o - cean billows, Which a midst the tem-pest play; Ev - er ea - ger, he is grasp - ing Still for

way, Rest-less as the o - cean billows, Which a-midst the tem-pest play; Ev - er ea - ger, he is grasp - ing Still for

way, Rest less as the o - cean billows, Which a-midst the tem-pest play; Ev - er ea - ger, he is grasp - ing Still for

way, Rest-less as the o - cean billows, Which a-midst the tem-pest play; Ev - er ea - ger, he is grasp - ing Still for



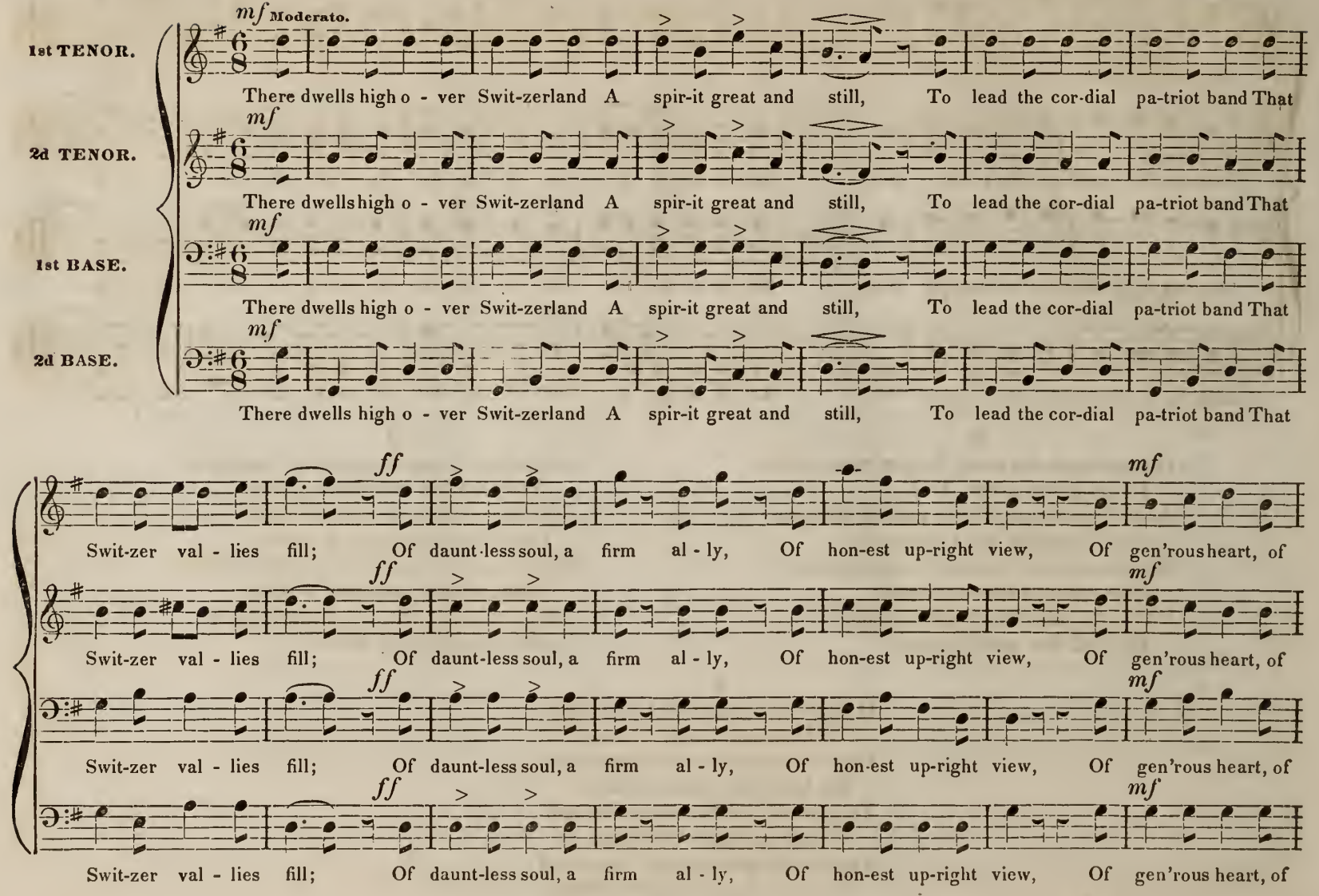
Strong is the charm of those wild fascinations,
Woman can wield to deter from temptations
Man from the courses of ill to restrain;
Modest and pure as the rose that is blushing,
Far from the crowd of the world's busy rushing,
Happy and peaceful she ever remains.
Rough and hard, that yieldless spirit,
Man with reckless courage feeds;
Bold he dares the threats of danger,
Prudent counsel rarely heeds;
Noise and tumult rouse his vigor,
Ay, he loves their boist'rous swell;
Nought his passion's rage can conquer,
Nought his restless fire can quell.

Woman, how prompt to each tender emotion!
Where is her equal in love's pure devotion?
Who so alive at the prospect of harm?
Sweetly she smiles when successes regale us,
Weeps when afflictions and sorrows assail us,
Faithfully watches each sign of alarm.
Steel'd to tender, kind mis-givings,
Man contends that pow'r is right,
Wields the sword of stern dictation,
Knows no love like love of might,
Proudly sways ambition's sceptre,
Reckless of the widow's sighs;
Seldom opes the hand of av'rice,
Though he hears the orphan's cries.

Woman, thou glory and boast of our being!
Brightly afar from thy pathway are fleeing
Clouds that would otherwise shroud us in night;
Nature in thee has conferr'd its best treasure,
Life but for thee, how despoil'd of its pleasure;
Thee will we honor, rich source of delight.

THE GUARDIAN GENIUS OF THE SWISS.

J. HEINRICH TOBLER.



2

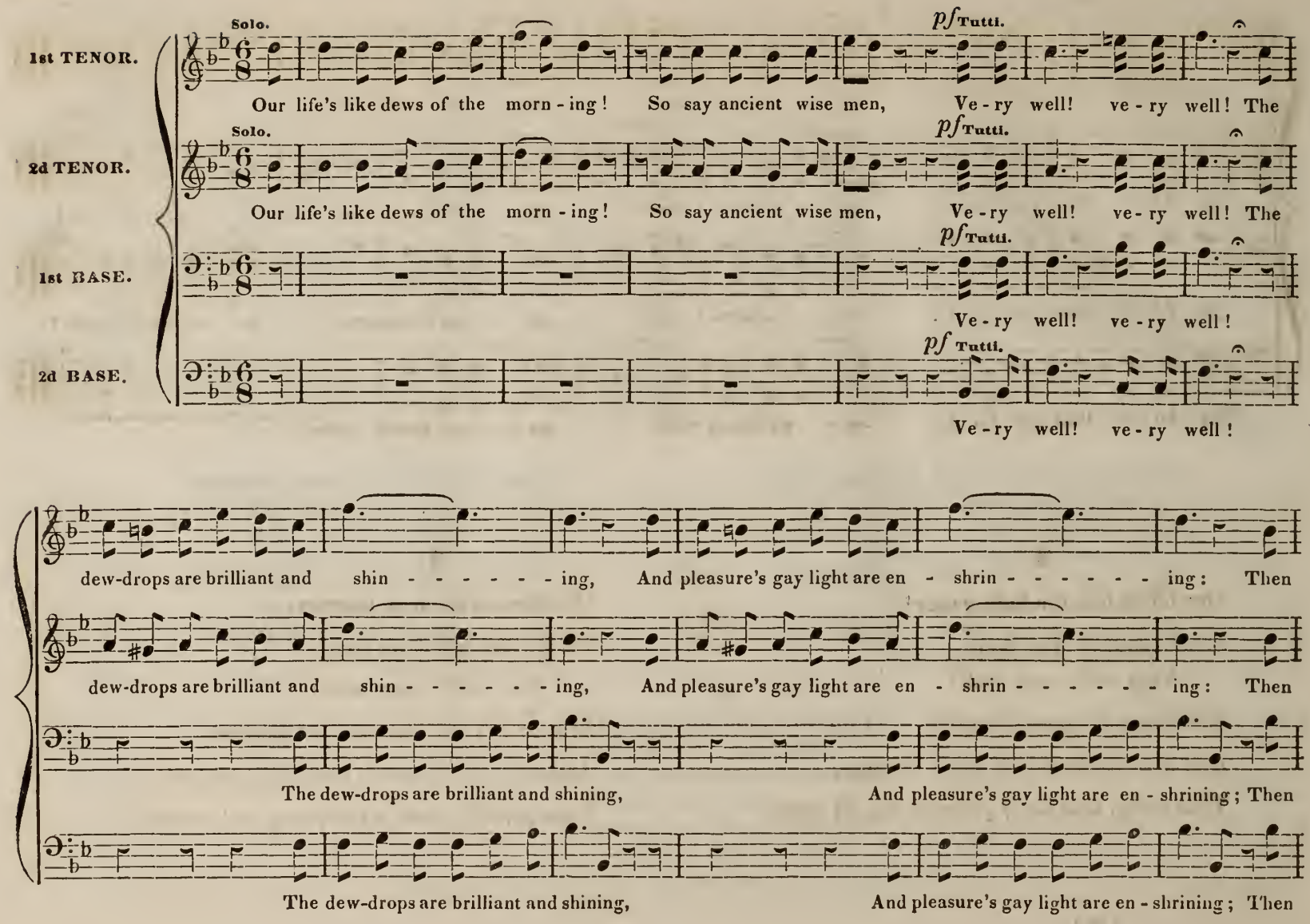
He prompts the heart to gen'rous deeds,
He dwelt in noble Tell,
And when the martyr'd patriot bleeds,
He's there his grief to quell.
He's leagu'd to freedom's sacred host,
He's soon to be our friend;
If foes invade the Switzer coast,
He'll all her weal defend.

3

At once he stands on glacier heights,
And mid the meadows green,
The eye on not a cottage lights
But where his hand is seen:
He wanders with the shepherd's crook,
Pursues the huntsman's horn,
And roams beside the fisher's hook
At eve and early morn.

4

O Switzer sons, direct your eye
To Him enthroned above!
But in yourselves you him descry,
By him your spirits move;
Yes, every noble deed achieved
In him obtains its spring,
And every gen'rous gift received
To him should make us sing.


1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
Solo.
pf Tutti.
Our life's like dews of the morn - ing! So say ancient wise men, Ve - ry well! ve - ry well! The
Ve - ry well! ve - ry well!
dew-drops are brilliant and shin - - - - - - ing, And pleasure's gay light are en - shrin - - - - - - ing: Then
The dew-drops are brilliant and shining, And pleasure's gay light are en - shrining; Then

2

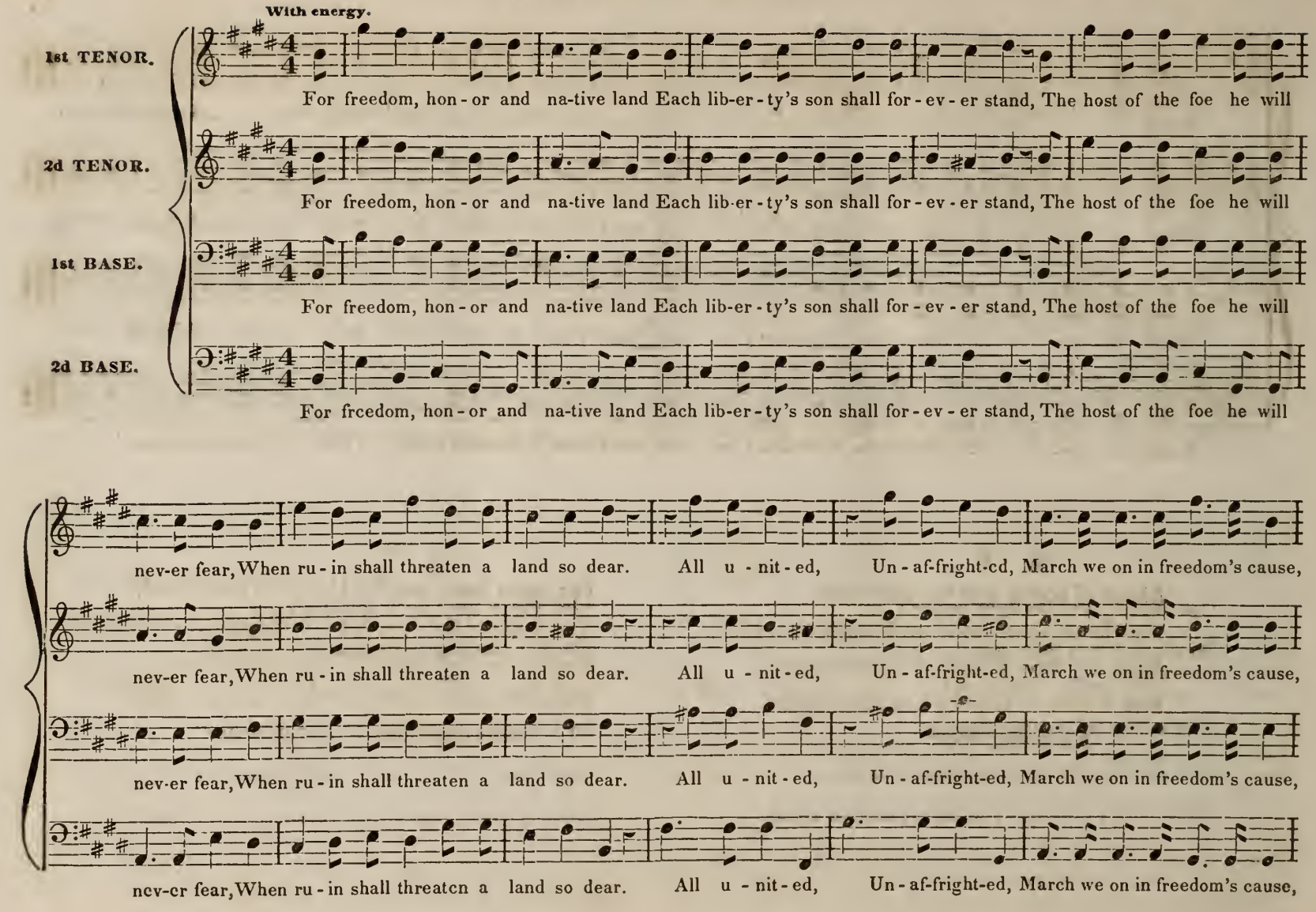
Our life is like the light vapor!
So say ancient wise men,
Very well! very well!
The vapor in gayety dances
And flies by the wind's fickle chances,
Thus airily, thus airily pleasure should swell.

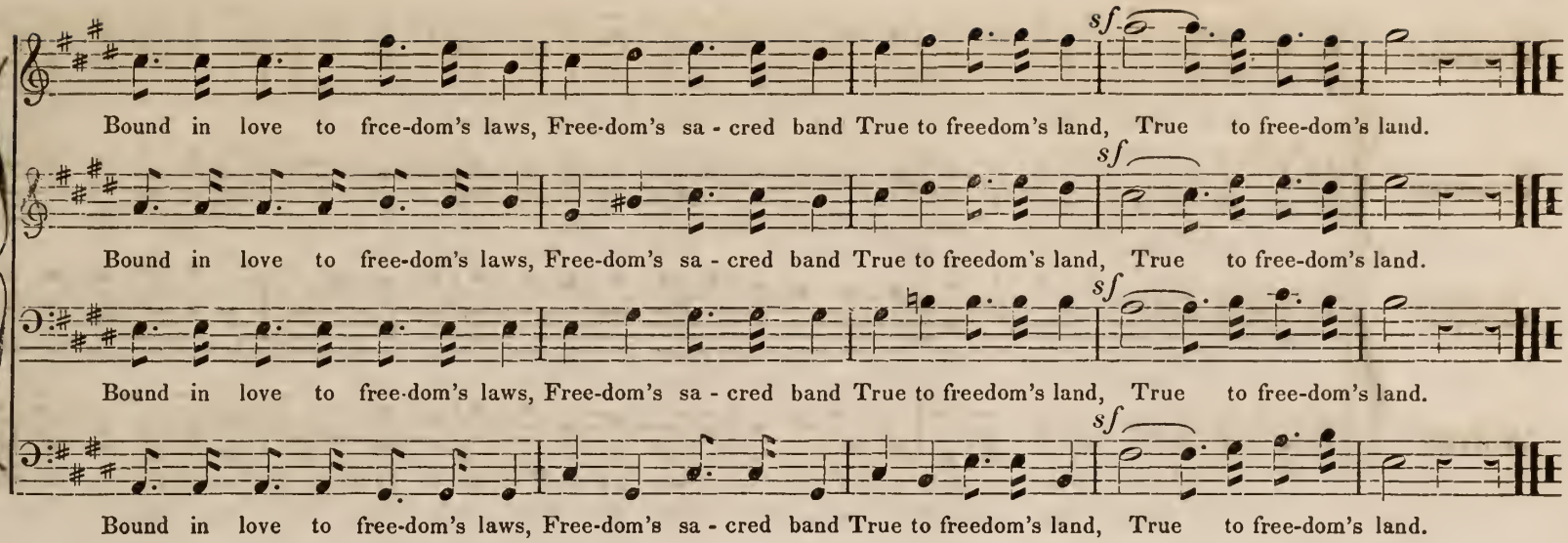
3

Our life is like to a journey:
So say ancient wise men!
Very well! very well!
In journeys we roam for our pleasure
And win what is worth more than treasure:
Then joyfully, then joyfully sing—all is well.

FREEDOM SONG.

F. WERNER.





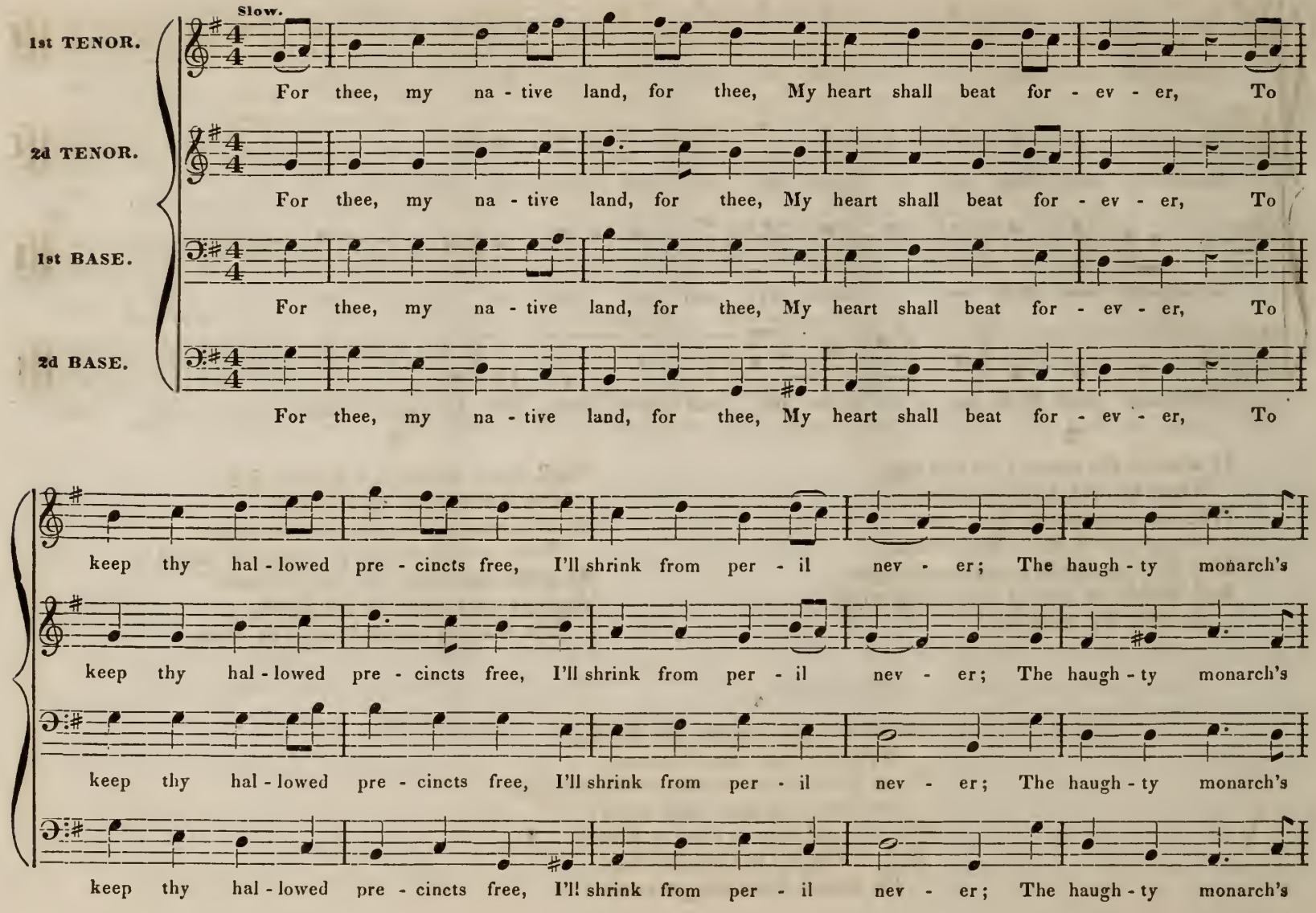
2

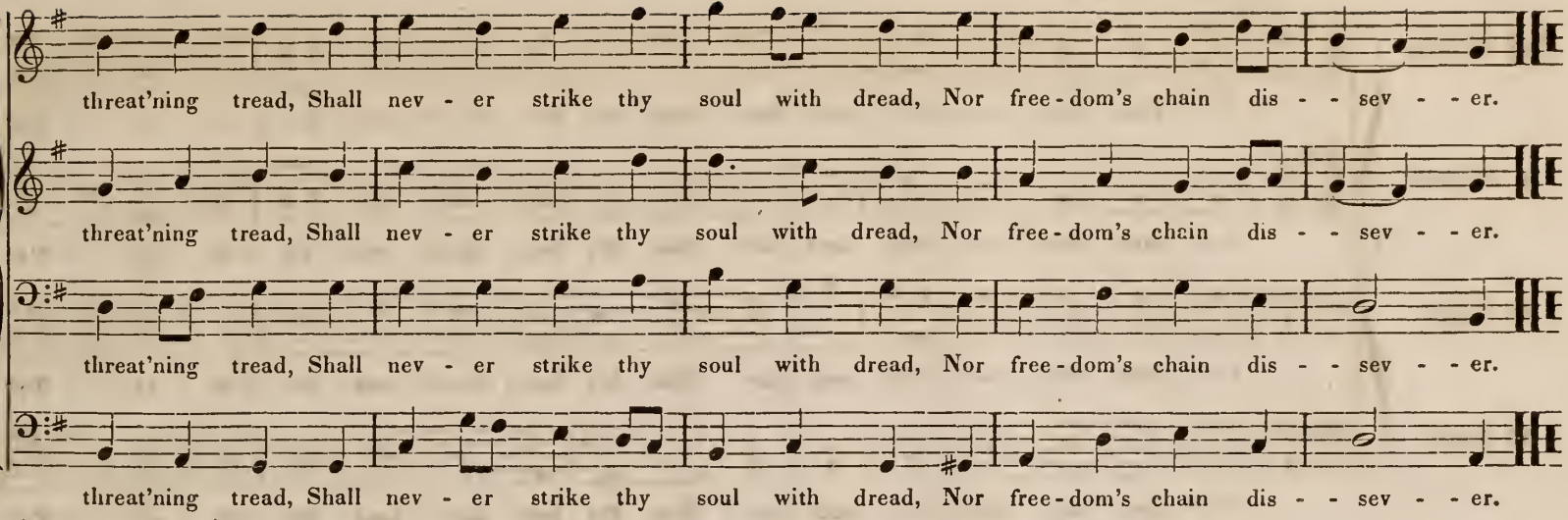
Abuse of power will the free repel,
The flame of sedition they'll strive to quell:
Alike are they friendly to equal rights,
And hostile to anarchy's deadly blights,
All united, &c.

3

For equal laws, and for Heaven's pure word,
The hosts of the free have their life's blood pour'd,
And never shall freedom's pure spirit die,
Till earth under bondage shall cease to sigh,
All united, &c.

THE VOW.


Slow.
1st TENOR.
2d TENOR.
1st BASE.
2d BASE.
For thee, my na - tive land, for thee, My heart shall beat for - ev - er, To
keep thy hal - lowed pre - cincts free, I'll shrink from per - il nev - er; The haugh - ty monarch's



2

O where's the man of all thy train,
Thou favor'd, happy nation,
Who ever would thy glory stain
For proffer'd gold's temptation?
May he who dwells in heavenly light
And wields an arm of boundless might
Be ever thy salvation!

3

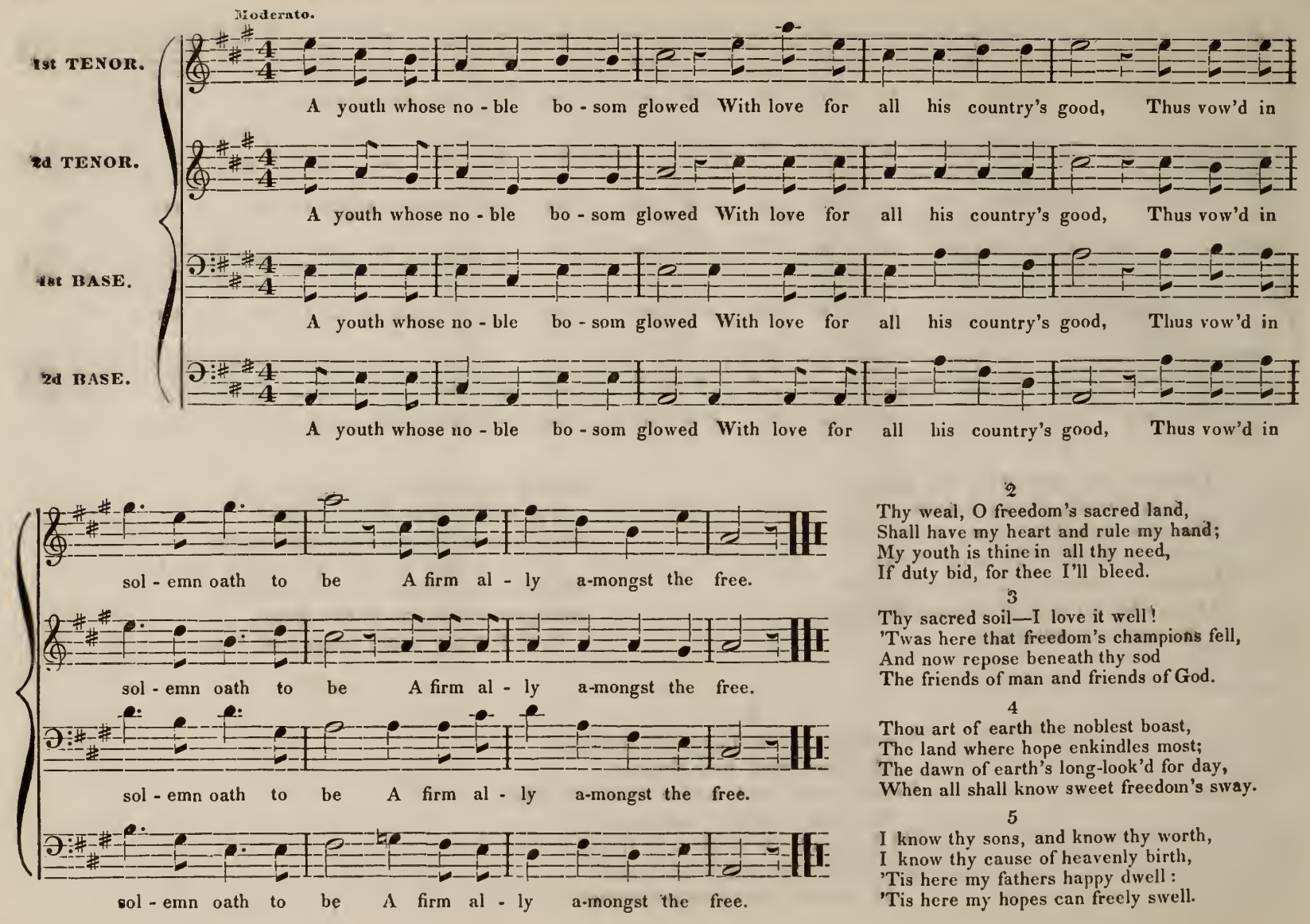
Shall proud ambition's restless fire
For selfish ends devour thee?
Shall phrenzied zeal my heart inspire
To raise foul bands t' o'erpower thee!
May wasting blight my life consume
And give my vigor to the tomb,
E'er *that* my hands bring o'er thee.

4

For thee, my country, yes for thee
My heart shall beat forever;
From glory's land, where dwell the free
No cause my love shall sever!
I'll live and die to thee a friend,
And if I'm bid thy weal defend
I'll shrink from danger never!

THE YOUTH'S PATRIOTIC VOW.

METHFESSEL.



2

Thy weal, O freedom's sacred land,
Shall have my heart and rule my hand;
My youth is thine in all thy need,
If duty bid, for thee I'll bleed.

3

Thy sacred soil—I love it well!
'Twas here that freedom's champions fell,
And now repose beneath thy sod
The friends of man and friends of God.

4

Thou art of earth the noblest boast,
The land where hope enkindles most;
The dawn of earth's long-look'd for day,
When all shall know sweet freedom's sway.

5

I know thy sons, and know thy worth,
I know thy cause of heavenly birth,
'Tis here my fathers happy dwell:
'Tis here my hopes can freely swell.

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